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THE PARTING.

The blue within her eyes was dim,
She turned her face toward the sea,
She gave her gentle hand to him—
O sweet, remember me!
His shining helmet bowed above
Her maiden arm outstretched in love—
Light of my life, where'er I rove,
I pray, I fight, for thee!

Across the sands, within the waves,
His galleys waited for their lord,
His berserkers, who from their graves
Would laugh and swing the sword!
The morning blue of ocean washed
The prows fantastic where they flashed,
With flag and song his dragons dashed
Exulting out the fiord!

A. P.

EAST LYNNE;

OR,

THE ELOPEMENT.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

CHAPTER X.

THE KEEPERS OF THE DEAD.

Events, between the death of Lord Mount Severn and his interment, occurred quickly; and to one of them the reader may feel inclined to demur, as believing that it could have no foundation in fact, in the actions of real life, but must be a wild creation of the author's brain. He would be wrong. The author is no more fond of wild creations than the reader. The circumstances did take place.

The earl died on Friday morning, at daylight. The news spread rapidly; it generally does, on the death of a peer, if he has been of note (whether good or bad) in the world: and was known in London before the day was over—the consequence of which was, that by Saturday morning, early, a shoal of what the late peer would have called harpies, had arrived, to surround East Lynne. There were creditors of all sorts; for small sums and for great, for five or ten pounds, up to five or ten thousand. Some were civil, some impatient, some loud and rough and angry; some came to put in executions on the effects, and some—to arrest the body!

This last act was accomplished cleverly. Two men, each with a remarkably hooked nose, stole away from the hubbub of the clamorous, and peering cunningly about, made their way to the side, or tradesman's entrance. A kitchen-maid answered their gentle appeal at the bell.

"Is the coffin come yet?" said they.

"Coffin—no!" was the girl's reply. "The shell ain't here yet. Mr. Jones didn't promise that till nine o'clock, and it haven't gone eight."

"It won't be long," quoth they; "it's on its road. We'll go up to his lordship's room, please, and be getting ready for it."

The girl called the butler. "Two men from Jones's, the undertaker's, sir," announced she. "The shell's coming on, and they want to go up and make ready for it."

The butler marshalled them up-stairs himself, and introduced them to the room. "That will do," said they, as he was about to enter with them, "we won't trouble you to wait." And, closing the door upon the unsuspicious butler, they took up their station on either side of the dead, like a couple of ill-omened mutes. They had placed an arrest upon the corpse; it was theirs, until their claim was satisfied, and they sat down to thus watch and secure it. Pleasant occupation!

It may have been an hour later that Lady Isabel, leaving her own chamber, opened noiselessly that of the dead. She had been in it several times the previous day; at first with the housekeeper, afterward, when the nameless dread was somewhat effaced, alone. But she felt nervous again this morning, and had gained the bed before she ventured to lift her eyes from the carpet and encounter the sight. Then she started, for there sat two strange-looking men—and not attractive men either.

It darted through her mind that they must be people from the neighborhood, come to gratify an idle and unpardonable curiosity. Her first impulse was to summon the butler; her second, to speak to them herself.

"Do you want anything here?" she quietly said.

"Much obleeged for the inquiry, miss. We are all right."

The words and the tone struck her as being singular in the extreme; and they kept their seats, too, as though they had a right to be there.

"Why are you here?" she repeated. "What are you doing?"

"Well, miss, I don't mind telling you, for I suppose you are his daughter"—pointing his left thumb over his shoulder at the late peer—"and we hear he have got no other relative anigh him. We have been obleeged, miss, to perform a unpleasant duoty, and secure him."

The words were like Greek to her, and the men saw that they were.

"He unfort'nately owed a sight of money, miss—as you, perhaps, be aware on, and our employers is in, deep. So, as soon as they heard what had happened, they sent us down to arrest the dead corpse, and we have done it."

Amazement, horror, fear, struggled together in the shocked mind of Lady Isabel. Arrest the dead! She had never heard of a like calamity; nor could she have believed in such. Arrest it for what purpose? What to do? To disfigure it?—to sell it? With a panting heart and ashy lips, she turned from the room. Mrs. Mason happened to be passing near the stairs, and Isabel flew to her, laying hold of her with both hands, in her terror, as she burst into a fit of nervous tears.

"Those men—in there!" she gasped.

"What men, my lady?" returned Mrs. Mason, in surprise.

"I don't know; I don't know. I think they are going to stop there; they say they have taken papa."

After a pause of bewildered astonishment, the housekeeper left her standing where she was, and went to the earl's chamber, to see if she could fathom the mystery of the words. Isabel leaned against the balustrades; partly for support, partly that she seemed afraid to stir from them; and the ominous disturbance down-stairs reached her ears. Strangers, interlopers, appeared to be in the hall, talking vehemently, and complaining in bitter tones. More and more terrified, she held her breath to listen.

"Where's the good of your seeing the young lady?" cried the butler, in a tone of remonstrance. "She knows nothing about the earl's affairs; she is in grief enough, just now, without any other worry."

"I will see her," retorted a dogged voice. "If she's too start-up and mighty to come down and answer a question or two, why I'll find my way on to her. Here we are, a shameful crowd of us, swindled out of our own, told there's nobody we can speak to; nobody here but the young lady, and she must not be troubled! She didn't find it trouble to help to spend our money! She has got no honor and no feelings of a lady, if she don't come down and speak to us. There."

Repressing her rebellious emotions, Lady Isabel glided partly down the staircase, and softly called to the butler. "What is all this?" she asked. "I must know."

"Oh, my lady, don't go amongst those rough men! You can't do any good; pray go back before they see you. I have sent for Mr. Carlyle, and expect him here momentarily."

"Did papa owe them all money?" she shivered.

"I am afraid he did, my lady."

She went swiftly on; and, passing through the few stragglers in the hall, entered the dining-room, where the chief mass had congregated, and the hubbub was loudest. All anger, at least all external anger, was hushed at her sight. She looked so young, so innocent, so childlike in her pretty morning dress of peach-colored muslin, her fair face shaded by its falling curls, so little fit to combat with, or understand their business, that instead of pouring forth complaints, they hushed them into silence.

"I heard some one calling out that I ought to see you," she began, her agitation causing the words to come forth in a jerking manner. "What did you want with me?"

Then they poured out their complaints, but not angrily, and she listened till she grew sick. There were many and formidable claims; promissory notes and I O U's, overdue bills and underdue bills; heavy outstanding debts of all sorts, and trifles (comparatively speaking) for housekeeping, servants' liveries, out-door servants' wages, bread and meat.

What was Isabel Vane to answer? what excuse to offer? what hope or promise to give? She stood in bewilderment, unable to speak, turning from one to the other, her sweet eyes full of pity and contrition.

"The fact is, young lady," spoke up one who bore the exterior of a gentleman, "we should not have come down troubling you—at least, I can answer for myself—but his lordship's men of business, Warburton & Ware, to whom many of us [illegible] not be a shilling for anybody unless it could be got from the furniture. When it comes to that, it is 'first come first served,' and I got down by morning light, and levied an execution."

"Which was levied before you came," put in a man who might be brother to the two up-stairs, to judge by his nose. "But what's such furniture as this to our claims if you come to combine 'em? no more than a bucket of water is to the Thames."

"What can I do?" shivered Lady Isabel. "What is it you wish me to do? I have no money to give you. I—"

"No, miss," broke in a quiet, pale man; "if report tells true, you are worse wronged than we are, for you won't have a roof to put your head under, or a guinea to call your own."

"He has been a scoundrel to everybody," interrupted an intemperate voice; "he has ruined thousands."

The speech was hissed down; even they were not men, gratuitously to insult a delicate young lady.

"Perhaps you'll just answer us a question, miss," persisted the voice, in spite of the hisses. "Is there any ready money that can—"

But another person had entered the room—Mr. Carlyle. He caught sight of the white face and trembling hands of Isabel, and interrupted the last speaker with scant ceremony.

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded, in a tone of authority. "What do you want?"

"If you are a friend of the late peer's you ought to know what we want," was the response. "We want our debts paid."

"But this is not the place to come to," returned Mr. Carlyle; "your coming here, flocking in this extraordinary manner, will do no good. You must go to Warburton & Ware."

"We have been to them and received their answer—a cool assurance that there'll be nothing for anybody."

"At any rate, you'll get nothing here," observed Mr. Carlyle, to the assembly, collectively. "Allow me to request that you leave the house at once."

It was little likely that they would for him, and they said it.

"Then I warn you of the consequences of a refusal," quietly said Mr. Carlyle; "you are trespassing upon a stranger's property. This house was not Lord Mount Severn's; he sold it some time back."

They knew better. Some laughed, and said these tricks were stale.

"Listen, gentlemen," rejoined Mr. Carlyle, in the plain, straightforward manner that carried its own truth. "To make an assertion that could be disproved when the earl's affairs came to be investigated, would be simply foolish. I give you my word of honor as a gentleman—nay, as a fellow-man—that this estate, with the house and all that it contains, passed legally, months ago, from the hands of Lord Mount Severn; and, during his recent sojourn here, he was but a visitor in it. Go and ask his man of business."

"Who purchased it?" was the inquiry.

"Mr. Carlyle of West Lynne. Some of you may possibly know him by reputation."

Some of them did.

"A cute young lawyer," observed a voice; "as his father was before him."

"I am he," proceeded Mr. Carlyle; "and being a 'cute lawyer,' as you do me the honor to decide, you cannot suppose I should risk my money upon any sale not perfectly safe and legal. I was not an agent in the affair; I employed agents; for it was my own money that I invested, and East Lynne is mine."

"Is the purchase money paid over?" inquired [illegible]

"It was paid over at the time—last June."

"What did Lord Mount Severn do with the money?"

"I do not know," replied Mr. Carlyle. "I am not cognizant of Lord Mount Severn's private affairs."

Significant murmurs arose. "Strange that the earl should stop two or three months at a place that wasn't his!"

"It may appear so to you, but allow me to explain," returned Mr. Carlyle. "The earl expressed a wish to pay East Lynne a few days' visit, by way of farewell, and I acceded. Before the few days were over he was taken ill, and remained, from that time, too ill to quit it. This very day—this day, gentlemen, as we stand here, was at length fixed for his departure."

"And you tell us you bought the furniture?"

"Everything as it stands. You need not doubt my word, for the proofs will be forthcoming. East Lynne was in the market for sale: I heard of it, and became the purchaser—just as I might have bought an estate from any of you. And now, as this is my house, and you have no claim upon me, I shall be obliged to you to withdraw."

"Perhaps you'll claim the horses and carriages next, sir," cried the man with the hooked nose.

Mr. Carlyle raised his head haughtily. "What is mine is mine; legally purchased and paid for—a fair just price. The carriage and horses I have nothing to do with; Lord Mount Severn brought them down with him."

"And I have got a safe watcher over them in the out premises, to see as they don't run away," nodded the man, complacently; "and if I don't mistake, there's a safe watcher over something else, up-stairs."

"What a cursed scoundrel Mount Severn was!"

"Whatever he may have been, it does not give you the right to outrage the feelings of his daughter," warmly interrupted Mr. Carlyle; "and I should have thought that men, calling themselves Englishmen, would have disdained the shame. Allow me, Lady Isabel," he added, imperatively taking her hand to lead her from the room. "I will remain and deal with this business."

But she hesitated and stopped. The injury her father had done these men was telling painfully on her sense of right, and she essayed to speak a word of apology, of sorrow; she thought she ought to do so—she did not like them to deem her quite heartless. But it was a painful task, and the color went and came in her pale face, and her breath was labored with the excess of her tribulation.

"I am very sorry," she stammered; and, with the effort of speaking, emotion quite got the better of her, and she burst into tears. "I did not know anything of all this; my father's affairs were not spoken of before me. I believe I have not anything; if I had, I would divide it amongst you as equally as I could. But, should the means ever be in my power—should money ever be mine, I will thankfully pay all your claims."

All your claims! Lady Isabel little thought what that "all" would comprise. However, such promises, made at such a moment, fall heedlessly on the ear. Scarcely one present but felt sympathy and sorrow for her, and Mr. Carlyle drew her from the room. He closed the door upon the noisy crew, and then her sobs came forth hysterically.

ISABEL VANE READING THE LETTER FROM EMMA MOUNT SEVERN.

"I am so grieved, Lady Isabel! Had I foreseen this annoyance, you should have been spared it. Can you go up-stairs alone, or shall I call Mrs. Mason?"

"Oh, yes! I can go alone; I am not ill, only frightened and sick. This is not the worst," she shivered. "There are two men up—up—with—papa."

"Up with papa!" Mr. Carlyle was puzzled. He saw that she was shaking from head to foot, as she stood before him.

"I cannot understand it, and it terrifies me," she continued, attempting an explanation. "They are sitting in the room, close to him; they have taken him, they say."

A blank, thunderstruck pause. Mr. Carlyle looked at her—he did not speak; and then he turned and looked at the butler, who was standing near. But the man only responded by giving his head a half shake, and Mr. Carlyle saw that it was an ominous one.

"I will clear the house of these," he said to Lady Isabel, pointing back to the dining-room, "and then join you up-stairs."

"Two ruffians, sir, and they have got possession of the body," whispered the butler in Mr. Carlyle's ear, as Lady Isabel departed. "They obtained entrance to the chamber by a sly, deceitful trick, saying they were the undertaker's men, and that he can't be buried unless their claims are paid, if it's for a month to come. It has upset all our stomachs, sir. Mrs. Mason, while telling me—for she was the first one to know it—was as sick as she could be."

At present Mr. Carlyle returned to the dining-room, and bore the brunt of the anger of those savage, and it may be said, ill-used men. Not that it was vented upon him—quite the contrary—but on the memory of the unhappy peer, who lay overhead. A few had taken the precaution to insure the earl's life, and they were the best off. They left the house after a short space of time; for Mr. Carlyle's statement was indisputable, and they knew the law better than to remain, trespassers, on his property.

But the custodians of the dead could not be so got rid of. Mr. Carlyle proceeded to the death chamber, and examined their authority. A similar case had never occurred under his own observation, though it had under his father's, and Mr. Carlyle remembered hearing of it. The body of a church dignitary, who had died deeply in debt, was arrested as it was being carried through the cloisters to its grave in the cathedral. These men, sitting over Lord Mount Severn, enforced heavy claims; and there they must sit, until the arrival of Mr. Vane from Castle Marling—now the earl of Mount Severn.

On the following morning, Sunday, Mr. Carlyle proceeded again to East Lynne, and found, to his surprise, that there was no arrival. Isabel sat in the breakfast-room alone, the meal on the table untouched, and she shivering—as it seemed—on a low ottoman before the fire. She looked so ill that Mr. Carlyle could not forbear remarking upon it.

"I have not slept, and I am very cold," she answered. "I did not close my eyes all night; I was so terrified."

"Terrified at what?" he asked.

"At those men," she whispered. "It is strange that Mr. Vane has not come."

"Is the post in?"

"I don't know," she apathetically replied. "I have received nothing."

She had scarcely spoken, when the butler entered with his salver full of letters; most of them bearing condolences to Lady Isabel. She singled out one, and hastened to open it, for it bore the Castle Marling postmark. "It is Mrs. Vane's handwriting," she remarked to Mr. Carlyle—

"CASTLE MARLING, Saturday.

"MY DEAR ISABEL.—I am dreadfully grieved and shocked at the news conveyed in Mr. Carlyle's letter to my husband, for he is gone cruising in his yacht, and I opened it. Goodness knows where he may be, round the coast somewhere, but he said he should be home for Sunday, and as he is pretty punctual in keeping his word, I expect him. Be assured he will not lose a moment in hastening to East Lynne.

"I cannot express what I feel for you, and am too *bouleversee* to write more. Try and keep up your spirits, and believe me, dear Isabel, with sincere sympathy and regret, faithfully yours,

EMMA MOUNT SEVERN."

The color came into Isabel's pale cheek when she read the signature. She thought, had she been the writer, she should, in that first, early letter, have still signed herself Emma Vane. Isabel handed the note to Mr. Carlyle. "It is very unfortunate," she sighed.

Mr. Carlyle glanced over it as quickly as Mrs. Vane's illegible writing allowed him, and drew in his lips in a peculiar manner when he came to the signature. Perhaps at the same thought which had struck Isabel.

"Had Mrs. Vane been worth a rush, she would have come herself, knowing your lonely situation," he uttered impulsively.

Isabel leaned her head upon her hand. All the difficulties and embarrassments of her position came crowding on her mind. No orders had been given in preparation for the funeral, and she felt that she had no right to give any. The earls of Mount Severn were buried at Mount Severn; but to take her father thither would involve great expense; would the present earl sanction that? Since the previous morning, she seemed to have grown old in the world's experiences; her ideas were changed, the bent of her thoughts had been violently turned from its course. Instead of being a young lady of high position, of wealth and rank, she appeared to herself born in the light of an unfortunate pauper; an interloper in the house she was inhabiting. It has been the custom in romance to represent young ladies, especially if they be handsome and interesting, as being entirely oblivious of matter-of-fact cares and necessities, supremely indifferent to future prospects of poverty—poverty that brings hunger and thirst and cold and nakedness; but, be assured, this apathy never existed in real life. Isabel Vane's grief for her father—whom, whatever may have been the aspect he wore for others, she had deeply loved and reverenced—was sharply poignant; but in the midst of that grief, and of the singular troubles his death had brought forth, she could not shut her eyes to her own future. Its blank uncertainty, its shadowed-forth embarrassments did obtrude themselves, and the words of that plain-speaking creditor kept ringing in her ears: "You won't have a roof to put your head under, or a guinea to call your own." Where was she to go?—with whom to live? she was in Mr. Carlyle's house now. And how was she to pay the servants? Money was owing to them all.

"Mr. Carlyle, how long has this house been yours?" she asked, breaking the silence.

"It was in June that the purchase was completed. Did Lord Mount Severn never tell you he had sold it to me?"

"No; never. All these things are yours," glancing round the room.

"The furniture was sold with the house. Not these sort of things," he added, his eye falling on the silver on the breakfast-table; "not the plate and linen."

"Not the plate and linen! Then those poor men who were here yesterday, have a right to them," she quickly cried.

"I scarcely know. I believe the plate goes with the entail—and the jewels go also. The linen cannot be of much consequence either way.

"Are my clothes my own?"

He smiled as he looked at her, smiled at her simplicity; and assured her that they were nobody's else.

"I did not know," she sighed; "I did not understand. So many strange things have happened in the last day or two, that I seem to understand nothing."

Indeed she could not understand. She had no definite ideas on the subject of this transfer of East Lynne to Mr. Carlyle; plenty of indefinite ones, and they were haunting her. Fears of debt to him, and of the house and its contents being handed over to him in liquidation, perhaps only partial, were working in her brain.

"Does my father owe you any money?" she breathed, in a timid tone.

"Not any," he replied. "Lord Mount Severn was never indebted to me in his life."

"Yet you purchased East Lynne!"

"As any one else might have done," he answered, discerning the drift of her thoughts. "I was in search of an eligible estate to invest money in, and East Lynne suited me."

"I feel my position, Mr. Carlyle," she resumed, the rebellious tears forcing themselves to her eyes, "thus to be intruding upon you for a shelter. And I cannot help myself."

"You can help grieving me," he gently answered, "which you do much, when you talk of obligation. The obligation is on my side, Lady Isabel; and when I express a hope that you will continue at East Lynne while it can be of service, however prolonged that period may be, I assure you I say it in all sincerity."

"You are truly kind," she faltered; "and for a few days, until I can think, until—oh, Mr. Carlyle, are papa's affairs really so bad as they said yesterday?" she broke off, her perplexities recurring to her with vehement force. "Is there nothing left?"

Now Mr. Carlyle might have given the evasive assurance that there would be plenty left, just to tranquilize her. But to use deceit with her would have pricked against every feeling of his nature; and he saw how implicitly she relied upon his truth.

"I fear things are not very bright," he answered. "That is, so far as we can see at present. But there may have been some settlement effected for you that you do not know of. Warburton and Ware—"

"No," she interrupted; "I never heard of a settlement, and I am sure there is none. I see the worst plainly. I have no home—no home, and no money. This house is yours; the town-house and Mount Severn go to Mr. Vane; and I have nothing."

"But surely Mr. Vane will be delighted to welcome you to your old home. The rooms pass to him—it almost seems as though you had the greater right in them, than he or Mrs. Vane."

"My home with them!" she retorted, as if the words had stung her. "What are you saying, Mr. Carlyle?"

"I beg your pardon, Lady Isabel. I should not have presumed to touch upon these points myself, but—"

"Nay, I think I ought to beg yours," she interrupted, more calmly. "I am only grateful for the interest you take in them—the kindness you have shown. But I could not make my home with Mrs. Vane."

Mr. Carlyle rose. He could do no good by remaining, and did not think well to intrude longer. He suggested that it might be more pleasant if Isabel had a friend with her; Mrs. Ducie would no doubt be willing to come; and she was a kind, motherly woman.

Isabel shook her head with a passing shudder. "Have strangers here, with—all—that—in papa's chamber!" she uttered. "Mrs. Ducie drove over yesterday, perhaps to remain—I don't know; but I was afraid of questions, and I would not see her. When I think of—that—I feel thankful that I am alone."

The housekeeper stopped Mr. Carlyle as he was going out.

"Sir, what is the news from Castle Marling? Pound said there was a letter. Is Mr. Vane coming?"

"He was out yachting. Mrs. Vane expected him home yesterday, so it is to be hoped he will be here to-day."

"Whatever will be done if he does not come?" she breathed. "The leaden coffin ought to be soldered down, for you know, sir, the state he was in when he died."

"It can be soldered down without Mr. Vane."

"Of course—without Mr. Vane. It's not that, sir. Will those men allow it to be done? The undertakers were here this morning at daybreak, and those men intimated that they were not going to lose sight of the dead. The words sounded significant to us, but we asked them no questions. Have they a right to prevent it, sir?"

"Upon my word I cannot tell," replied Mr. Carlyle. "The proceeding is so rare a one, that I know little what right of law they have or have not. Do not mention this fear to Lady Isabel. And when Mr. Va—when Lord Mount Severn arrives, send down to apprise me of it."

CHAPTER XI.

THE NEW PEER—THE BANK NOTE.

A post-chaise was discerned thundering up the avenue that Sunday afternoon. It contained the new peer, Lord Mount Severn. The more direct line of rail from Castle Marling brought him only to within five miles of West Lynne, and thence he had travelled in a hired chaise. Mr. Carlyle soon joined him, and almost at the same time Mr. Warburton arrived from London. Absence from town at the period of the earl's death had prevented Mr. Warburton's earlier attendance. Business was entered upon immediately.

The present earl knew that his predecessor had been an embarrassed man, but he had no conception of the extent of the evil; they had not been intimate, and rarely came in contact. As the various items of news were now detailed to him—the wasteful expenditure, the disastrous ruin, the total absence of provision for Isabel—he stood petrified and aghast. He was a tall, stout man, of three-and-forty years, his nature honorable, his manners cold, and his countenance severe.

"It is the most iniquitous piece of business I ever heard of," he exclaimed to the two lawyers. "Of all the reckless fools, Mount Severn must have been the worst!"

"Unpardonably improvident as regards his daughter," was the assenting remark.

"Improvident! it must have been rank madness," retorted the earl. "No man in his senses could leave a child to the mercy of the world, as he has left her. She has not a shilling—literally not a shilling in her possession. I put the question to her, what money there was in the house when the earl died. Twenty or twenty-five pounds, she answered, which she had since given to Mason, who required it for housekeeping purposes. If the girl wants a yard of ribbon for herself, she has not the pence to pay for it! Can you realize such a case to the mind?" continued the excited peer. "I will stake my veracity that such a one never occurred yet."

"No money for her own personal wants!" exclaimed Mr. Carlyle.

"Not a halfpenny in the world. And there are no funds, and will be none, that I can see, for her to draw upon."

"Quite correct, my lord," nodded Mr. Warburton. "The entailed estates go to you, and what trifle of personal property may be left, the creditors will take care of."

"I understand East Lynne is yours," cried the earl, turning sharply upon Mr. Carlyle. "Isabel has just said so."

"It is," was the reply. "It became mine last June. I believe his lordship kept the fact a close secret."

"He was obliged to keep it a secret," interposed Mr. Warburton, addressing Lord Mount Severn, "for not a stiver of the purchase-money could he have fingered had it got wind. Except ourselves and Mr. Carlyle's agents, the fact was made known to none."

"It is strange, sir, that you could not urge the claims of his child upon the earl," rejoined the new peer to Mr. Warburton, his tone one of harsh reproof. "You were in his confidence; you knew the state of his affairs; it was in your line of duty to do it."

"Knowing the state of his affairs, my lord, we knew how useless the urging it would be," returned Mr. Warburton. "Your lordship has but a faint idea of the burdens Lord Mount Severn had upon him. The interest alone on his debts was frightful—and the deuce's own work there used to be to get it. Not to speak of the kites he let loose; he would fly them, and nothing could stop him; and they had to be provided for."

"Oh, I know," replied the earl, with a gesture of contempt. "Drawing one bill to cover another; that was his system."

"Draw!" echoed Mr. Warburton, "he would have drawn a bill upon Aldgate pump. It was a downright mania with him."

"Urged to it by his necessities, I conclude," put in Mr. Carlyle.

"He had no business to have such necessities, sir," cried the earl, wrathfully. "But let us proceed to business. What money is there lying at his banker's, Mr. Warburton? Do you know?"

"None," was the blank reply. "We overdrew the account ourselves, a fortnight ago, to meet one of his pressing liabilities. We held a little; and, had he lived a week or two longer, the autumn rents would have been paid in—though they must have been as quickly paid out again."

"I'm glad there's something. What is the amount?"

"My lord," answered Mr. Warburton, shaking his head in a self-condoling manner, "I am sorry to tell you that what we hold will not half satisfy our own claims; money actually paid out of our pockets."

"Then where on earth is the money to come from, sir? For the funeral—for the servants' wages—for mourning—for everything, in fact?"

"There is none to come from anywhere," was the reply of Mr. Warburton.

Lord Mount Severn strode the carpet more fiercely. "Wicked improvidence! shameful profligacy! callous-hearted man! To live a rogue, and die a beggar—leaving his daughter to the charity of strangers!"

"Her case presents the worst feature of the whole," remarked Mr. Carlyle. "What will she do for a home?"

"She must, of course, find it with me," replied his lordship; "and, I should hope, a better one than this. With all these debts and duns at his elbow, Mount Severn's house could not have been a bower of roses."

"I fancy she knew nothing of the state of affairs; had seen little, if anything, of the embarrassments," returned Mr. Carlyle.

"Nonsense!" said the peer.

"Mr. Carlyle is right, my lord," observed Mr. Warburton, looking over his spectacles. "Lady Isabel was in safety at Mount Severn till the spring, and the purchase-money from East Lynne—what the earl could touch of it—was a stop-gap for many things, and made matters easy for the moment. However, his imprudences are at an end now."

"No, they are not at an end," returned Lord Mount Severn; "they leave their effects behind them. I hear there was a fine scene yesterday morning; some of the unfortunate wretches he has taken in made their appearance here, all the way from town."

"Oh, they are Jews, half of them," slightingly spoke Mr. Warburton. "If they do lose a little, it will be an agreeable novelty to them."

"Jews have as much right to their own as we have, Mr. Warburton," was the peer's angry reprimand. "And if they were Turks and infidels, it would not excuse Mount Severn's practices. Isabel says it was you, Mr. Carlyle, who contrived to get rid of them."

"By convincing them that East Lynne and its furniture belonged to me. But there are those two men up-stairs, in possession of—of him; I could not get rid of them."

The earl looked at him. "I do not understand you."

"Did you not know that they have seized the corpse?" asked Mr. Carlyle, dropping his voice. "Two men have been posted over it, like sentinels, since yesterday morning. And there's the third in the house, I hear, who relieves each by turn, that they may go down in the hall and take their meals."

The earl had halted in his walk and drawn near to Mr. Carlyle, his mouth open, his face a marvel of consternation. "By George!" was all Mr. Warburton uttered, and snatched off his glasses.

"Mr. Carlyle, do I understand you aright—that the body of the late earl has been seized for debt?" demanded the peer, solemnly. "Seize a dead body! Am I awake or dreaming?"

"It is what they have done. They got into the room by stratagem."

"Is it possible that transactions so infamous are permitted by our law?" ejaculated the earl. "Arrest a dead man! I never heard of such a thing. I am shocked beyond expression. Isabel said something about two men, I remember; but she was so full of grief and agitation altogether, that I but half comprehended what she did say upon any subject. Why, what will be done? Can't we bury him?"

"I fancy not. The housekeeper told me, this morning, she feared they would not even suffer the coffin to be closed down. And that ought to be done with all convenient speed."

"It is perfectly horrible!" uttered the earl.

"Who has done it—do you know?" inquired Mr. Warburton.

"Somebody of the name of Anstey," replied Mr. Carlyle. "In the absence of any member of the family, I took upon myself to pay the chamber a visit, and examine into the men's authority. The claim is about three thousand pounds."

"If it's Anstey who has done it, it is a personal debt of the earl's, really owing, every pound of it," observed Mr. Warburton. "A sharp man, though, that Anstey, to hit upon such a scheme."

"And a shameless and a scandalous man," added Lord Mount Severn. "Well, this is a pretty thing! What's to be done?"

While they consult, let us look for a moment at Lady Isabel. She sat alone, in great perplexity, indulging the deepest grief. Lord Mount Severn had intimated to her, kindly and affectionately, that henceforth she must find her home with him and his wife. Isabel returned a faint thank you, and as soon as he left her, burst into a paroxysm of rebellious tears. "Have her home with Mrs. Vane!" she uttered to her own heart; "no, never; rather would she die—rather would she work for her living—rather would she eat a crust and drink water!" and so on, and so on. Young demoiselles are somewhat prone to indulge in these flights of fancy; but they are in most cases impracticable and foolish—exceedingly so in that of Lady Isabel Vane. Work for their living! It may appear very feasible in theory; but theory and practice are as opposite as light and dark. The plain fact was, that Isabel had no alternative whatever, save that of accepting a home with Lady Mount Severn; and the conviction that it must be so stole over her spirit, even while her hasty lips were protesting that she would not.

Two mourners only attended the funeral, the earl and Mr. Carlyle. The latter was no relative of the deceased, and but a very recent friend; but the earl had invited him, probably not liking the parading, solus, his trappings of woe. Some of the county aristocracy were pall-bearers, and many private carriages followed.

All was bustle on the following morning. The earl was to depart, and Isabel was to depart, but not together. In the course of the day the domestics would disperse. The earl was speeding to London, and the chaise to convey him to the railway-station at West Lynne was already at the door when Mr. Carlyle arrived.

"I was getting fidgety, fearing you would not be here, for I have barely five minutes to spare," observed the earl as he shook hands. "You are sure you fully understood about the tomb-stone?"

"Perfectly," replied Mr. Carlyle. "How is Lady Isabel?"

"Very down-hearted, I fear, poor child, for she did not breakfast with me," replied the earl. "Mason privately told me that she was in a convulsion of grief. A bad man, a bad man, was Mount Severn," he emphatically added, as he rose and rang the bell.

"Let Lady Isabel be informed that I am ready to depart, and that I wait to see her," he said to the servant who answered it. "And while she is coming, Mr. Carlyle," he added, "allow me to express my obligations to you. How I should have got along in this worrying business without you, I cannot divine. You have promised, mind, to pay me a visit, and I shall expect it speedily."

"Promised conditionally—that I find myself in your neighborhood," smiled Mr. Carlyle. "Should—"

Isabel entered, dressed also, and ready, for she was to depart immediately after the earl. Her crape veil was over her face, but she threw it back.

"My time is up, Isabel, and I must go. Is there anything you wish to say to me?"

She opened her lips to speak, but glanced at Mr. Carlyle, and hesitated. He was standing at the window, his back toward them.

"I suppose not," said the earl, answering himself, for he was in a fever of hurry to be off, like many others are when starting on a journey. "You will have no trouble whatever, my dear; only mind you get some refreshment in the middle of the day, for you won't be at Castle Marling before dinner-time. Tell Mrs. Va—tell Lady Mount Severn, that I had no time to write, but will do so from town."

But Isabel stood before him in an attitude of uncertainty—of expectancy, it may be said, her color varying.

"What is it? You wish to say something."

She certainly did wish to say something, but she did not know how. It was a moment of embarrassment to her, intensely painful, and the presence of Mr. Carlyle did not tend to lessen it. The latter had no idea his absence was wished for.

"I—I—do not like to ask you, but I have no money!" she stammered, her delicate features flushing crimson.

"Bless me, Isabel! I declare I forgot all about it," cried the earl, in a tone of vexation. "Not being accustomed to—this aspect of affairs is so new—" He broke off his disjointed sentences, unbuttoned his coat, drew out his purse, and paused over its contents.

"Isabel, I have run myself very short, and have but little beyond what will take me to town. You must make three pounds do for now, my dear. Once at Castle Marling—Pound has the funds for the journey—Lady Mount Severn will supply you; but you must tell her, or she will not know."

He shot some gold out of his purse as he spoke, and left two sovereigns and two half-sovereigns on the table.

"Farewell, my dear; may you be happy at Castle Marling. I shall be home soon."

Passing from the room with Mr. Carlyle, he stood talking with that gentleman a minute, his foot on the step of the chaise, and the next was being whirled away. Mr. Carlyle returned to the breakfast-room, where Isabel, an ashy whiteness having replaced the crimson on her cheeks, was picking up the gold.

"Will you do me a favor, Mr. Carlyle?"

"I will do anything I can for you."

She pushed a sovereign and a half toward him.

"It is for Mr. Kane. I told Marvel to send in and pay him, but it seems she forgot it, or put it off, and he is not paid. The tickets were a sovereign; the rest is for tuning the piano. Will you kindly give it him? If I trust one of the servants, it may be forgotten again in the hurry of their departure."

"Kane's charge for tuning a piano is five shillings," remarked Mr. Carlyle.

"But he was a long time occupied with it, and did something to the leathers. It is not too much; besides, I never ordered him anything to eat. He wants money even worse than I do," she added, with a poor attempt at a smile. "But for thinking of him I should not have mustered the courage to beg of Lord Mount Severn, as you have just heard me do. In that case do you know what I should have done?"

"What should you have done?" he smiled.

"I should have asked you to pay him for me, and I would have repaid you as soon as I had any money. I had a great mind to ask you, do you know; it would have been less painful than the being obliged to beg of Lord Mount Severn."

"I hope it would," he answered, in a low, earnest tone. "What else can I do for you?"

She was about to answer "Nothing—that he had done enough," but at that moment their attention was attracted by a bustle outside, and they moved to the window.

It was the carriage coming round for Lady Isabel—the late earl's chariot, which was to convey her to the railway station six or seven miles off. It had four post-horses to it, the number having been designated by Lord Mount Severn, who appeared to wish Isabel to leave the neighborhood in as much state as she had entered it. The carriage was packed, and Marvel was perched outside.

"All is ready," she said, "and the time is come for me to go. Mr. Carlyle, I am going to leave you a legacy—those pretty gold and silver fish that I bought a few weeks back."

"But why do you not take them?"

"Take them to Lady Mount Severn! No; I would rather leave them with you. Throw a few crumbs into the globe now and then."

Her face was wet with tears, and he knew that she was talking hurriedly to cover her emotion.

"Sit down a few minutes," he said.

"No—no. I had better go at once."

He took her hand to conduct her to the carriage. The servants were gathered in the hall, waiting for her. Some had grown gray in her father's service. She put out her hand, she strove to say a word of thanks and of farewell, and she thought she would choke at the effort of keeping down the sobs. At length it was over; a kind look around, a yearning wave of the hand, and she passed on with Mr. Carlyle.

Pound had ascended to his place by Marvel, and the postboys were awaiting the signal to start, but Mr. Carlyle had the carriage-door open again, and was handing in, holding her hand.

"I have not said a word of thanks to you for all your kindness, Mr. Carlyle," she cried, her breath very labored. "I am sure you have seen that I could not."

"I wish I could have done more; I wish I could have shielded you from the annoyances you have been obliged to endure!" he answered. "Should we never meet again—"

"Oh, but we shall meet again," she interrupted. "You promised Lord Mount Severn."

"True; we may so meet, casually—once in a way; but our ordinary paths in life lie far and wide apart. God forever bless you, dear Lady Isabel!"

The post-boys touched their horses, and the carriage sped on. She drew down the blinds, and leaned back in an agony of tears—tears for the house she was leaving, for the father she had lost. Her last thoughts had been of gratitude to Mr. Carlyle; but she had more cause to be grateful to him than she yet knew of. Emotion soon spends itself, and, as her eyes cleared, she saw a bit of crumpled paper lying on her lap, which appeared to have fallen from her hand. Mechanically she took it up and opened it; it was a bank-note for one hundred pounds.

Ah, reader! you will say this is a romance of fiction, and a far-fetched one, but it is verily and indeed true. Mr. Carlyle had taken it with him to East Lynne, that morning, with its destined purpose.

Lady Isabel strained her eyes and gazed at the note—gazed and gazed again. Where could it come from? What brought it there? Suddenly the undoubted truth flashed upon her; Mr. Carlyle had left it in her hand.

Her cheeks burnt, her fingers trembled, her angry spirit was up in arms. In that first moment of discovery, she was ready to resent it as an insult; but when she came to remember the sober facts of the last few days, her anger subsided into admiration of his wondrous kindness. Did he not know that she was without a home to call her own, without money—absolutely without money, save what would be given her in charity?

When Lord Mount Severn reached London, and the hotel which the Vanes were in the habit of using, the first object his eyes lighted on was his own wife, whom he had believed to be safe at Castle Marling. He inquired the cause.

Lady Mount Severn gave herself little trouble to explain. She had been up a day or two—could order her mourning so much better in person—and William did not seem well, so she brought him up for a change.

"I am sorry you came to town, Emma," remarked the earl, after listening. "Isabel is gone to-day to Castle Marling."

Lady Mount Severn quickly lifted her head. "What's she gone there for?"

"It is the most disgraceful piece of business altogether," returned the earl, without replying to the immediate question. "Mount Severn has died worse than a beggar, and there's not a shilling for Isabel."

"It never was expected there would be much."

"But there's nothing—not a penny; nothing for her own personal expenses. I gave her a pound or two to-day, for she was completely destitute."

The countess opened her eyes. "Where will she live? What will become of her?"

"She must live with us. She—"

"With us!" interrupted Lady Mount Severn, her voice almost reaching a scream. "That she never shall."

"She must, Emma. There is nowhere else for her to live. I have been obliged to decide it so; and she is gone, as I tell you, to Castle Marling to-day."

Lady Mount Severn grew pale with anger. She rose from her seat and confronted her husband, the table being between them. "Listen, Raymond: I will not have Isabel Vane under my roof. I hate her. How could you be cajoled into sanctioning such a thing?"

"I was not cajoled, and my sanction was not asked," he coldly replied; "I proposed it. Where else is she to be?"

"I don't care where," was the obstinate retort. "Never with us."

"She is at Castle Marling now—gone to it as her home," resumed the earl; "and even you, when you return, will scarcely venture to turn her out again, into the road, or to the work-house. She will not trouble you long," carelessly continued the earl. "One so lovely as Isabel will be sure to marry early; and she appears as gentle and sweet-tempered a girl as I ever saw; so whence can arise your dislike to her, I don't pretend to guess. Many a man will be too ready to forget her want of fortune for the sake of her face."

"She shall marry the first who asks her," snapped the angry lady; "I'll take care of that."

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 31.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for March contains the continuation of "The Great South," "The Flower of Love Lies Bleeding," a poem by Stoddard, "The Credit Mobilier," "Agassiz," "The Heiress of Washington," "Katherine Earle," (continued) "Earthen Pitchers," (continued) "The Autobiography of an Atheist," "Topics of the Time," "The Old Cabinet," "Home and Society," etc., etc. Published by Scribner & Co., New York.

THE GALAXY for March contains "Reminiscences of Tom Marshall," "Linley Rochford," (continued) "Recognition," "Linguistic and Literary Notes and Queries," "Gustave Doré," "The Masquerade," "Mme. De Mauves," (continued) "Johann Sebastian Bach," "Confederate States and their Constitution," "The Outside of the Cup," "Drift Wood," "Scientific Miscellany," "Current Literature," "Nebulæ," etc. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for March contains Ralph Keeler's remarkable narrative of how Owen Brown escaped from Harper's Ferry, a story by T. B. Aldrich, entitled "Prudence Palfrey," "Mose Evans," by William M. Baker, "Baddeck and that Sort of Thing," by Charles Dudley Warner, and other good articles. Published by Hurd & Houghton, New York.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. The February number contains "The Story of Valentine," "Disorder and Dreamland," "Skepticism and Modern Poetry," "Fables in Song, etc." Published by the Leonard Scott Company, New York.

LA CREME DE LA CREME. A Collection of Music for Advanced Players. No. 3. Published monthly by J. L. Peters, New York.

PETERS'S MUSICAL MONTHLY for February. Published by J. L. Peters, New York.

GREAT WESTERN MONTHLY for February, Great Western Publishing Co., 302 Walnut street, Phila.

☞ A Wisconsin clergyman has been found guilty by a church council of "not always handling the truth with sufficient carefulness to meet the demands of veracity."

HEALING BY PRAYER.

At the Swiss village of Mannedorf, on the lake of Zurich, is a hospital, where the only means used for healing the sick, who resort thither in crowds, are the Word of God and prayer, and where these are found sufficient in multitudes of cases. The epileptic, the insane, the scrofulous, the consumptive, persons suffering from cancer and various other incurable diseases, have been and are continually being cured there.

Two years ago (in 1871) Miss Stapfer visited Mannedorf, and has embodied the results of her investigations into the working of the institution, and her observations of the cures witnessed by herself, in a most interesting narrative. From her we get a complete insight into the inner life and mode of procedure in the institution. After a simple breakfast at seven in the morning, a bell summons every one to a chapel adjoining the Home, whither patients who are too weak to walk are carried. A hymn is sung. Letters from different places are read, requesting prayer or recording cures. Prayer is then offered for special cases at home and abroad. Appropriate portions of Scripture are read, expounded and applied in a most faithful and searching manner, and with the most blessed results. The service closes with singing. The lunatic patients who cannot attend the chapel, can benefit from the soothing influence of the music, even if disinclined to listen to the prayer and reading, as there are open gratings in the floors of their rooms over the ceiling of the chapel. The patients are also visited in their rooms, and dealt with individually according to necessity. The insane often offer great resistance; but prayer, patience and love overcome, and they listen to the gospel. At one o'clock the patients, without distinction of class, assemble at dinner. "You find here," we are told, "side by side refined ladies and gentlemen, artisans, farmers, silk-weavers, scholars and clergymen, who live together in great harmony, acknowledging by this fact that worldly distinctions are out of place in a house where the Lord's presence is desired and powerfully manifested." The afternoon is employed by the inmates in rambling about the woods and hills to enjoy the lovely view of the lake, the snow-capped Alps and clear blue sky. At five there is a daily prayer-meeting, at which the prayers offered, we are told, are truly heartrending, reminding one of apostolic times, when Christians pleaded for each other under like circumstances. A substantial meal is served before seven. The company breaks up into groups, free conversation follows, and the evening service, from nine to ten, which is frequented by many of the villagers, closes the day.

Such is the daily life of this wonderful hospital. In answer to prayer, health and vigor of body and soundness of mind are restored to many sufferers, and souls obtain peace.

THE COURT'S MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Amelia Donnerschlog, a young German lady, brought suit before Justice Banyon, of Chicago, one day last week, against August Behrens, for breach of promise, claiming $200. She would have sued for more, but $200 is the limit of the jurisdiction of a justice. The complainant stated that she had known the defendant in Germany, and had become engaged to him there. He had emigrated to this country in order to earn a home, and she had followed him in the course of a year. The young man admitted the engagement, and added:

When this young lady came over here from Germany she did ask me to marry her, and I was ready to, and I told her I was. But she said that her mother must live with us and keep house for us. I told her I had watched the ways of her mother, and that I was not pleased with them; that I loved her very deeply, and was ready to marry her, but I did not wish to marry her mother also, who was a woman of lordly and unpleasant habits, and insisted upon feeding me too much on cabbage, a vegetable I have always had a great dislike for. I am ready, your honor, to marry her now, providing that she will leave her mother out in the cold; but I will not marry the old woman. I have made up my mind to that, no matter what comes.

The justice asked Behrens which he would rather do, pay down $200 or marry the young lady and have her mother live with them? and Behrens answered firmly, "I will pay the $200." And then, if we may believe an account in the Chicago Tribune, Justice Banyon was delivered of this remarkable language:

"Allow me to shake hands with you. I envy your firmness. There was a period in the life of this court, Mr. Behrens, when it was placed in circumstances somewhat similar to your own. If it had had the moral courage which you possess, it would have saved about twenty-five years of misery and unhappiness. The alternative was presented to this court whether it would marry a young lady and her mother or whether it would pay $125 in gold. This court was poor at that time. It was earning an unsatisfactory living at the restaurant business. It yielded. It took the young woman and the mother-in-law and kept the $125. For a quarter of a century this court regretted its hasty action. It is glad to meet a man who cherishes happiness more than he does money. The order of the court is that the defendant stand discharged, and that the complainant, who has been trying to bring a man into slavery to a mother-in-law, be fined ten dollars and costs."

Fashion Items.

Napoleon blue will be one of the fashionable colors in Easter costumes, also mahogany-brown, which is shown in a dozen different shades. A modification of the redingote will be the most fashionable street garment.

High Spanish combs will be extensively worn next summer, as the new style of wearing the hair will require something of that sort. They are shown in every pattern and style.

Street dresses are now lined on the bottom with black leather, which preserves the silk, and prevents the material being cut. This is a French idea, we believe, and certainly a good and sensible one. The leather comes prepared especially for the purpose.

Puffed sleeves are all the rage. As a rule, they are not becoming, being altogether too matronly and "old womanish" for the youthful and dashing belle of the period.

Married ladies now have their husband's in addition to their own name, on their visiting card, a custom of long standing abroad. The fashionable card just now is almost square, the engraving being in old English, and otherwise plain. Some ladies are trying to introduce something new in the matter of turning down corners, but thus far they have only succeeded in confusing their friends.

Large jet buckles are coming in vogue. The real article is rather expensive.

John Wesley.

Macaulay sneers at historians who have undertaken to give an account of the reign of George II. without mentioning the preaching of Whitefield. If, instead of Whitefield, he had written Wesley, the sneer would have been more just; for, after the establishment of the American republic, the institution of Methodism is the greatest event of the eighteenth century, and of the men who lived in that century there is no one whose influence upon after ages equals that of John Wesley. Of the seventy-five millions who speak the English tongue about three and a half millions are members of the Methodist church; four millions more are pupils in their Sunday-schools, and the regular attendance upon Methodist worship cannot be less than as many more—fifteen millions in all. Thus one-fifth of all who speak our language are directly moulded, for this life and the life to come, by Methodism. We doubt if any other Protestant communion really numbers as many. The established churches of England and Germany indeed nominally include more; but in counting their numbers all who do not formally belong to other communions are put down as Episcopalians or Lutherans. Fully two-thirds of the Methodists are in the United States. To Methodism more than to any other one thing is it owing that our Western States grew up into civilization without passing through a period of semi-barbarism. Southey expressed no more than the bare truth when he said, "I consider Wesley as the most influential mind of the last century—the man who will have produced the greatest effects centuries or perhaps milleniums hence, if the present race of men shall continue so long." This judgment is coming to be acknowledged. Within a few months past a site has been appropriated in Westminster Abbey for a monument to John Wesley. Of all the great Englishmen there commemorated there is no one more worthy of a place. The world does move, after all; and who shall say that among the portraits of British sovereigns in the houses of parliament that of Oliver, the great lord protector, will not yet find a place?—*Dr. A. H. Guernsey, in Galaxy.*

The End of the Tichborne Trial.

This celebrated trial, which has been before the public in one form or another for nearly three years, has at last been concluded by the conviction of the claimant of perjury and his sentence to fourteen years' penal servitude. Roger Tichborne sailed for New York from Rio de Janeiro on the ship Bella, which was lost at sea. His mother advertised for her son for several years, and finally she heard that he was living in Australia, having been picked up at sea when the Bella foundered. The claimant, who has just been convicted of perjury, arrived in England in 1866, and was recognized by Lady Tichborne as her son. She died, however, before he instituted suit for possession of the title and estates, and all the other members of the family denied the identity of the claimant. The suit for the title and estates commenced on May 10, 1871, and was continued with little interruption excepting one adjournment for four months until March 4th, 1872. The speech of the Attorney-General occupied five weeks in its delivery, and after Lord Bellow had testified to the effect that he had tattooed the real Sir Roger when at school, and that the claimant had no such marks on his person, the jury announced that they had heard enough testimony. Two days afterward the claimant's case was withdrawn from the court, and the claimant was then arrested for perjury. The trial commenced April 22d, 1873, and was concluded on January 28th, 1874, when Lord Chief Justice Cockburn commenced his charge to the jury, which was an interminable as the speeches of counsel. The two trials of the case cost the British government not less than $2,500,000, but in England there is a strong love for justice that makes the cost or trouble of getting it a matter of minor consideration.

Glue as a Healing Remedy.

For the last twelve or fourteen years I have been employed in a shop where there are over three hundred men at work; and, as is the case in all shops of this kind, hardly a day passes but one or more of us cut or bruise our limbs. At first there were but few that found their way to my department to have their wounds bound up; but, after awhile, it became generally known that a rag glued on a flesh-wound was not only a speedy curative, but a formidable protection against further injury. I was obliged to keep a supply of rags on hand, to be ready for any emergency. I will here cite one among many of the cases cured with glue: A man was running a boring-machine, with an inch-and-a-quarter auger attached; by some means the sleeve of his shirt caught in the auger, bringing his wrist in contact with the bit, tearing the flesh among the muscles in a frightful manner. He was conducted to my department (the pattern shop) and I washed the wound in warm water, and glued around it a cloth, which, when dry, shrunk into a rounded shape, holding the wound tight and firm. Once or twice a week, for three or four weeks, I dressed the wound afresh, and it was well. The man never lost an hour's time in consequence. The truth of this statement hundreds can testify to. I use, of course, the best quality of glue.—*Cor. of the Scientific American.*

Worth's Ways.

Every one who has a friend in Paris sends for one or more of Worth's dresses. A lady who has just returned home from Europe tells me how Worth treats you. The man is an Englishman, and a perfect autocrat about his business. A lady goes to him, and he gives her a look of careful scrutiny. With a critic's eye he passes her imperfections by, and pays extravagant compliments. Next, he opens a box that contains samples of silk and satin in every shade; he bunches up together at least four shades of the same color, and claps them against the lady's cheek, and then exclaims "That will suit." But the lady remonstrates and says, "Oh! Mr. Worth, that is too pronounce for me." The gentleman becomes irate, and says he never submits to dictation, so she resigns herself to the tyrant, and behold the result. A dress with a front width of rose-colored silk, side gores of mauve color, and a bouffant court-train of dark plum-colored satin, with the sides turned back with crimson silk, very low neck, and short sleeves of the plum-colored satin, with revers of the pink, mauve and scarlet. Some pronounce the combination bad, others that it is odd and beautiful. And, said I, what did he charge you for that dress? "Three hundred and seventy-five dollars," she replied. "When I said that I wanted two waists to the dress, he begged of me to let him make another dress, for the high-neck I wanted, and when I declined, he charged me $70 for the high-neck waist alone."

The Major's Mistake.

CHAPTER I.

"Dash it, I'll save her life!" said the major, suddenly.

The major had just laid a covering of snow-white lather on that tract of chin which was still sacred from the incursions of his luxuriant beard. As he gave vent to this remarkable resolution, he inadvertently wounded himself with his razor, so as to compel a resort to a towel and cold sponging, which put an end to his reflections for a time.

Major Marjoribanks was an active, cleanly-built man, rather below the average height. He had an eye like a hawk's, beautiful hair and whiskers, and no other striking feature. His hands and feet were small and finely-formed, and a front tooth, which Nature had taken from him, had been exquisitely supplied by the hand of Art.

The great feature of the major's character was determination: when he said a thing he meant it. In the Crimea, if Major Marjoribanks had said that a post should be carried, its fall was looked upon as certain. Zerlina, the major's vicious little mare, knew it was useless to try and refuse if once her master put her head straight for an obstacle. Like the late Mr. Assheton Smith, he would quietly "ride for a fall," if the leap were impracticable without one; and no one knew how to fall deftly better than the major.

But a life spent, as it were, in a succession of pitched battles, does not pass without leaving marks of wear and tear, and the major after his third bottle of hair-dye, began to take very serious views of life. Short and decisive were his ruminations, and with characteristic promptness he determined on marriage as his next achievement. For this purpose he selected a young lady of remarkable wealth and considerable personal attractions, and devoted himself to the sacrifice like a second Iphigenia,—barring the sex.

Perhaps it was the very difficulty of the achievement that impelled the dauntless major to the attack. Diana Harford had already refused two baronets, a banker, and four minor deities, before the major's appearance in the field, and still continued to ride across country with as much enthusiasm as if her whole life was to be devoted to that occupation. People began to say that she would never marry: "The right man had not spoken," was the general opinion; and the major, as he gnawed his mustache, resolved with an inward oath that he would prove himself that man, or perish in the attempt.

Not that the major was wholly devoid of that unpractical machine called a heart. Down in a little villa, near a country village, lived a little lady of twenty, who could have told strange tales of the major's sentimentality. Oh, major, major! were not all your flocks and herds sufficient, that you must needs make this innocent ewe lamb a captive to your bow and spear?

But let us do the major justice. In this matter he was not altogether a free agent. From the moment he met Patty Rosneath he had felt himself fascinated by her in spite of all his attempts to persuade himself of the contrary. That a quiet, almost timid, little provincial beauty, with a general unsophisticatedness of tone and manner, should have any power to enchant the major of a thousand fights seemed to him too ridiculous an idea to be entertained for a moment. It did not occur to him that it was perhaps this very difference from the women he had been accustomed to flirt with that constituted her charm.

Reviewing the matter that morning in the solitude of his chamber, the major looked back on this love passage with a thankful sense of escape. "I was devilish near making a fool of myself that time," said the major to himself, as he tied his cravat.

But though the major congratulated himself on being so safely off with the old love, he was far from feeling so comfortable with regard to his prospects with the new. He was too old a campaigner to advance his main body without throwing out skirmishers and outposts, or make a step in an affair de cœur without feeling his way. It was this quality, backed by the major's real talents and prowess, that made him so invincible. Women never suspected him of wishing to engage their affections, until they found it was too late. And when once the gates were opened, no one knew how to retain a position in the conquered city better than the major.

But Miss Harford's heart seemed to be impregnable even to this experienced besieger. The major, who never committed the error of overrating his advantages, confessed to himself that he had done all he knew. Had he not ridden as no man, not professionally accustomed to risk his neck, ever rode before? Had he not got up private theatricals (the major in "Used Up" was really worth seeing), and even written a sparkling comediotta, agreed by every one but the major himself to be equal if not superior to Robertson? Had he not sung those tenor songs of his that would have charmed the savageness out of a bear? And had he not thrown around all his achievements a halo of respectful sentiment, as who should say, "I care not for them except in so much as they are pleasing to you?" The major could find no fault with himself or with his exertions. He had attacked the fortress with all the paraphernalia of sapping and mining, zigzags and parallels, and still the flag of liberty floated mockingly above the unconquered bastions. There was but one hope—a forlorn hope, he confessed to himself—and it was with a serious though determined spirit that the major resolved on an attack by storm. He pronounced this resolution in the memorable words which commence this story. "Dash it!" said the major, "I'll save her life."

The major had made up his mind.

Perhaps, had the major known who it was that had arrived as a guest to Miss Harford on the previous evening, it might have disturbed his calculations. But there is no reason why we should not listen to the conversation of Diana and her guest as they sit by the bedroom fire in their elegant dishabille.

Miss Harford was a girl of considerable individuality of character. Without affecting any of the airs of a "blue" or an eccentric, she generally thought for herself on many subjects, and would state her opinions pretty strongly on occasion. This caused her to be regarded with suspicion and dislike by most of her own sex, and the weaker of ours. She was unusually, pardon said improperly, well read in the drama of the last century, and actually preferred the school of Sheridan to the school of Schneider.

"What have I been doing lately?" says she in answer to a question from her companion. "What am I always doing? I have danced the usual proportion of dances, round and square; I have read the last new novel, and tried the last milk-and-water effusion they call a ballad; and I have ridden over the usual number of ploughed fields. What more would you have of a woman in my position?"

"What a queer girl you are, Di," says the other lady, wistfully. "You never seemed the same as the other girls at school; and you don't seem a bit altered. And so you haven't fallen in love yet? But I always said you would never find any man to suit you exactly.

"That's just what I'm wanting, my dear—a Man. I see plenty of amateur jockeys and polite letter-writers. What I want is a man—one that is not afraid to be natural, or ashamed to be in earnest. I really think our average dandy, with his cool self-sufficiency, and his insulting indifference, the most unpleasant production of the age. There's the major now—"

"Who is that?"

"Major Marjoribanks, my dear; the glory of his regiment, and the idol of all the horse-dealers, amateur actors and fast young men for a circle of twenty miles. Why, Patty, you're blushing! You don't mean to say you know the man!"

"I met him—that is—he is a friend of my brother's," said the other lady, with some hesitation.

"And you've been foolish enough to believe all his nonsense, child, I dare say. Come now?"

"Well, he certainly is an extraordinary man," pleaded Patty.

"Oh, yes, very. He can ride a kicker, or write a burlesque. But as for heart—why, my dear child, he'd toss you aside, if it suited his purpose, with as much indifference as I toss that withered camellia. Now, don't you waste a thought on him. I don't intend to, though the wretched man has been making love to me in his quiet way ever since he came. I am afraid every day he'll propose, and I shall have the trouble of refusing him without losing my temper."

"But I can't help it," said Patty, faintly.

"Oh, yes, you can. You thought you couldn't, down in that dull place, with nothing else to think about, but you'll be under a different treatment here, I can assure you. Plenty of exercise and excitement will soon cure you. I'll tell you what; as a great treat to morrow you shall ride Crusader. We'll take a quiet canter along the lanes."

"Oh, but I can't ride strange horses," said Patty.

"Oh, you'll soon get acquainted. Mind, I consider this a great favor, and you mustn't hurt my feelings by refusing. One of my habits will fit you nicely, and when you return you'll feel spirit enough to defy twenty majors."

"You are a darling girl," said Patty, getting up and kissing her.

"I am afraid you're in a minority, my dear," said Diana. "Most people say I'm intensely disagreeable. Good-night, and don't dream of the major."

And the pair kissed again, and parted for the night.

CHAPTER II.

The next day was one of those mild, hazy, November ones, which break out into a glimpse of sunshine toward noon, and then return to their former dullness. The two girls rode along between the hedgerows, chatting pleasantly.

"I'm sure I shall never be able to manage this animal," said Patty, timidly. "See how he tosses his head about."

"That's because you let him feel the curb, dear; I had it put up sharp on purpose. Have power of punishment, but seldom use it; that's the real secret of managing horses, dogs, and men. There now, you see he goes quietly enough on the snaffle. Now coax him a little, and give and take more; remember he isn't a phlegmatic donkey, with a mouth like a deal board."

"Well, I must say I prefer quiet horses; one feels so much more at ease."

"Pshaw, my dear! I wouldn't give a guinea for a horse that any one could ride, that took no more notice of a steam-engine than of a haystack. They have just the same dead level of indifference that is the ideal excellence of the young man of the period, who hears with equal apathy of a railway accident or a revolution."

"Well, I suppose they only follow the fashion, just as in their coats and collars."

"But what an age it must be that makes a dead calm its sense of good style, and substitutes Jack Poynts for Ranger or Charles Surface."

"Good Heavens, Diana! you don't mean to say you read those horrid old plays? Mamma would not let me study such things on any account."

"Nonsense! As if they could be worse than the French plays one sees now, or half a dozen English ones I could name. At least, I enjoy the male characters more than in ours. They were infinitely more sparkling, and I don't believe they were a bit wickeder at bottom."

"Gentlemen now could be quite as witty if they cared to try."

"Oh, I don't doubt their abilities, my dear; I suppose the breed of male animals produces about the same number of prodigies in every age; but how is one to know it? I certainly prefer men who kept their wits and their swords equally bright by daily use. Here one is in equal uncertainty as to their livers or their intellects."

"'Livers,' Diana! What an expression!"

"Strictly Shakspearian, I assure you. 'A lily-livered knave'—see 'Macbeth.' I daresay you can find a dusty copy of Shakspeare on the top shelf in the library."

"Ah, Di! I'm afraid you never will get married at this rate."

"No, dear. As some one says of Morris, 'I shall die the serene martyr of a mean and melancholy time.'"

"You must have had plenty of offers?"

"Oh, dozens! all couched in the condescending brevity with which the preux chevalier of the day deigns to express his wishes. Now just contrast the men we have been talking about. Worship commences by a shower of more or less readable verses, which you have the option of reading or committing to the flames. You casually drop your handkerchief into a running stream or down a precipice, and your adorer throws himself after it, and restores it at the risk of his life. After a while he throws himself on his knees—both knees, mind—and begs you to save him from destruction. You relent; on leaving you he meets his rival; a glance is enough; swords flash out"—so did Diana's eyes—"and woe to him who flinches."

"Horrible!" said Patty.

"Will this suit you better? Strephon strolls lazily into the room; remarks on the weather; allows himself to decline into a seat by your side, and suggests that you should become Mrs. Strephon. Going out he meets his rival; treads on his toes; they exchange abusive epithets, light cigars, and—oh, bathos!—cut each other at the club."

"Well, that's better than fighting," said Patty.

"And infinitely safer. Well, my dear, perhaps, after all, you are right. We mustn't take our idea of the class from Sir Harry Wildair—there's a darling name for you. They only show what was considered the thing. I dare say I am getting fearfully crabbed. You see when a girl has money she becomes the centre of a circle of deception. Let's change the subject. How well that habit fits you."

"It feels rather strange. You see I so seldom ride at home."

"Ah, of course. Now to me habit is second nature, as some one says. I feel infinitely more comfortable in one than in a low dress. I purposely lent you my regular riding-hat, for I wanted to see how I should feel in this new-fangled affair. I'm afraid it wouldn't suit crashing through a bullfinch; one wants something stiffer for that. . . . What's that?" she cried, as an indistinct sound came down the wind, and both horses pricked up their ears. "The hounds; they must have come all the way from Marlford."

"Oh, do look at this horse, Di! He's dancing up and down fearfully."

"Put him on the curb, dear, if he's too troublesome. Ah, there they go! Look, Patty, there's a sight for you! See how close they run together! There's Mr. Vane on Brown Bess. Well tried at, Mr. Vane! Ah, the major does it—oh, the conceit of that man!—and here come the rest; only two gaps for all the poor creatures. There's my little brother Bantry bringing up the rear on his pony—a terrible hard fellow is Bantry. Oh, Patty," said Diana, trembling with excitement, "I'd give anything to be with them."

"Then do go, dear," said Patty, with an effort of self-sacrifice that was enormous. "I shall be safe enough. Withers will take care of me."

"Well, he's just down in the road there. Keep along it, and you'll just cross the line they are taking. I really must—come, Terry;" and away went Diana, habit tossing and eyes glistening, and vanished gloriously.

Patty turned her horse's head back toward the gate of the field they had turned into, and got safely out into the road. Some distance down it she could see Withers, the groom, who was having a little difficulty with his horse, which was plunging and curvetting in a diagonal position, as is the manner of eager horses, performing an equine balance-step without advancing particularly. On Crusader catching sight of his companion in ill-doing, he proceeded to imitate his actions with a considerable amount of exaggeration. Patty, finding him bursting into a canter, attempted to take up the curb-rein, but only succeeded in getting both in an inextricable confusion. Then she clung in terror to them with both hands, on which the irritable Crusader fought himself into a confused canter, which developed itself into a smart gallop, dashed past the astonished Withers and stampeded.

Our friend the major had arrived at the meet that morning, and was considerably chagrined not to find the object of his intentions present. "The stiffest bit of country for miles round, too," he said to himself. "What can she be thinking of?" His determination of the morning was still in his mind, and he longed for an opportunity of putting it in practice. Oh, for the sight of the well-known blue habit and iron-gray steed! The major was destined to have his aspirations gratified in an unexpected manner.

He had been riding a line of his own for a short distance, and was separated from the rest of the field by the breadth of a pasture, when he heard the quick-repeated rattle of a horse going at full gallop in the road on the other side of the high hedge, parallel to which he was riding, and in another moment he saw through the twigs the horse he had looked in vain for at the meet tear past him at mad speed, the blue habit streaming back as the wearer swayed in the saddle, holding the reins in both hands with the convulsive grasp of fear.

"Run away, by Jove!" said the major, turning Zerlina's head without the least hesitation at the quickset. Two or three intense, short strides—a rise, and a crash of twigs—a rattle of horse-hoofs as they patter on the hard road, as Zerlina just manages to save her knees and nose from damage by a clever recovery, and then the major, as cool as if he had been hopping over a gutter instead of one of the ugliest drops in his experience, set her going in pursuit.

The fact was, the major was in that state of exultation that every soldier feels on coming into action. Quick as lightning he saw the coming situation, and braced himself to take advantage of it, and as he crept nearer and nearer to the fugitives he felt his confidence in his horse's powers and his own.

About half a mile from the place where this stern chase commenced, where the road was crossed by another at right angles, stood an inn called the Cross Keys. The major knew this, and also that on the other side of it the road dipped down into a rather steep hill. He had got up some twenty yards nearer when the inn appeared in sight, and, keeping on the turf at the side of the road, that the noise of his approach might not add fresh speed to the runaway, he called on Zerlina smartly for a decisive effort.

In front of the Cross Keys there was a triangular patch of sodden turf, and as Crusader came upon this he slackened his speed very slightly; the major dashed alongside and seized the reins near the bit in his right hand; the horse, which was not a vicious one, stopped after a few struggles, as he felt the power at work on the curb; and the lady, falling fainting forward in a heap on his neck, would have tumbled to the earth, had not the ever-ready major leaped from his saddle, and caught her in his arms. It would have made a capital picture—the two horses standing steaming and panting, and the major staggering under the weight of the senseless damsel, whose chin hung over his shoulder—while her hair, released from its bonds in her wild flight through air, streamed down his scarlet-coated back.

With some difficulty the major carried his lovely burden into the porch of the Cross Keys.

"Show me a private room, and get me a glass of brandy!" were the orders with which he stopped the mouth of the astonished landlady.

"La! Poor dear young lady!" said that female, in a voice of sympathy, as she brought the restoring fluid. "Can I do anything for her, sir?"

"No, I think not," said the major, decisively. "Leave her to me. I've had some experience in cases of this kind," and thrusting half-a-crown into the woman's hand, he shut the door in her face.

"Well, how she could be' married he!" said the woman to herself, as she returned to the bar. She evidently thought, from the major's want of sympathy, that he must be the husband of the sufferer.

The evening glooms were just closing in, and made the little back-parlor look more and more dismal and dingy. The major raised the clinging veil sufficiently to thrust the edge of the glass between the lips of the patient. Presently the color came back to her face, she drew a long gasping breath, and felt for her pocket-handkerchief. It was in the pocket of her saddle—the major instantly placed his snowy cambric in her trembling hand. Then she overflowed.

The major waited a little. Then he ventured to take the hand that was not occupied with his pocket-handkerchief, and said in a tone of respectful tenderness.

"Don't, pray don't give way so! You're quite safe now, I assure you."

Sob, sob.

"If you knew how every sob you utter rends my" ("vitals," the major was going to say, then he thought of "breast," and finally substituted) "heart, you—you wouldn't keep on so."

Sob, sob.

"You don't know how I have hoped, have longed for a moment like this; to hold your hand in mine, to feel that we are alone together, that you do not repulse me, that I am permitted" (kisses her hand), "that you do not forbid me." (Business as before.)

Sob, sob, sob. "When will she stop?" thought the major.

"You do not answer; speak to me—or hear me while I tell you what I have wished to say for long days past. Miss Harford—Diana, I love you!" That was decidedly well put, thought the major to himself.

"Sir!" said the lady, suddenly becoming electrified into an erect posture. It was but one word, but it was quite enough to almost throw the Imperturbable off his invincible equilibrium. For that moment Miss Rosneath could boast of having seen that great man, to use a common, but expressive term, flabbergasted.

"Patty!—Miss Rosneath!"

"Yes, Major Marjoribanks, Miss Rosneath. Oh, take me home, take me home, and never, never dare to call me Patty again!"

"The—de-vil!" said the major, slowly, beneath his mustache.

"You might have been satisfied with making a fool of a poor silly girl, without insulting her afterwards. Oh, how could you be so c—c—cruel!"

"I say, Patty—listen a moment—don't talk like that. You don't suppose I meant to hurt your feelings? Hang it, I ain't such a cad as all that comes to. I didn't know it was you—I took you for—"

"Oh, I know; you took me for Miss Harford. Dear Di! she told me you had been making love to her since you came. But I thought you had only been fl—fl—flirting," said poor Patty, going off again.

"Did she tell you that?" said the major.

"Yes; and she said you were a conceited man, and she was afraid every day you'd propose, because she would have the trouble of refusing you. I never told her all you said to me down at Rosewood. Silly that I was, ever to believe in a major!"

Did pique and chagrin at the intelligence that he had just received prompt the major's next impulse? Or did his better angel whisper to him that a dinner of herbs with this little woman who really loved him, and for whom he was conscious of a feeling as nearly akin to that passion as he was capable of experiencing, would be better than a more splendid repast with her to whom he was indifferent? Bitterly would he have derided such an idea from another; bitterly that morning would he have laughed at the thought of his present conduct. But few men act up to their principles; and it was with a ring of genuine feeling in his voice that he sat down by Patty's side and said—but we will not write his words; they were greatly devoid of that artistic flummery which generally distinguished the major's utterances to the fair sex; but to Patty they sounded like flowing honey.

"And you really will—and you're not sorry for what has happened?"

"Well," said the major, looking down into her eyes, which gazed up through her tears, glistening with mingled light and teardrops—"perhaps it wasn't such an unfortunate mistake after all!"

Would you be surprised to hear that the major makes a capital husband? He lives in an atmosphere of spuds and steam-ploughs, cattle and county magistracy, and when, on some summer's eve the cloud-compelling cigar being lighted, he lies upon his lawn, and sees his young barbarians all at play, he really does not look unhappy. Sometimes a young lady, who is getting older, comes to see Mrs. Marjoribanks and the children. She it is who has given Fred his pony and Maurice his terrier. She is still unmarried, and intends to continue so.

"And yet I always thought you would marry, some time or other," says Patty to her visitor, as the major passes the window.

"And I know some one that thought so too, at least at one time."

"Ah, my dear," says Diana, with a slight, comical curl of her lip, "that was the major's mistake."

☞ Samuel A. Adams was recently granted a divorce by a Vermont court on account of the "intolerable severity of Sarah, his wife."

☞ Speaking of Mr. Mill's autobiography, the New York Times remarks: "Was there ever a picture so forbidding presented to the world, as that of the little Mill set to work at learning Greek at three years old, and of his father driving the infant through the daily grind? Surely the elder of these two strange figures must have fancied himself one of the Mills of the gods, for he certainly did grind exceeding small when he took that baby for his grist."

☞ The Worst Conundrum.—Remarkable thing from England: A conundrum contest made part of an evening's entertainment of some "wizard." A silver watch was to be the reward of the wretch who should make the worst conundrum. Behold the result: "Why is the Shah of Persia like the Shah of Persia? Because he is the Shah of Persia."

☞ A Paris letter says the Empress Eugenie has aged sadly. There are deep lines at each side of her mouth, and her whole face looks drawn and haggard. The little flat crape hat which she wears pushed back from her temples seems too youthful for her worn face, but it is a relief not to see her lips set in that stiff smile, artificial as the gold of her tresses or the roses in her bonnet, wherewith she used to greet her subjects of Paris in other days. The young Prince Imperial is her very image, but the slight mustache just budding on his upper lip will soon mar the present perfection of the resemblance.

☞ The dagger with which Ravaillac assassinated Henry IV. of France, was, according to the Figaro, recently brought into public notice in Paris in a very curious way. The knife was regarded as a great curiosity, and valued accordingly. In course of time, after passing through the hands of various owners, it came into the possession of a young student, living in great poverty in the Rue des Acacias in Paris. He tried several times to sell the knife, but the price demanded, $100, was too large, and he could not find a customer. A few weeks ago he found himself absolutely without food, and, in a fit of desperation, stabbed himself with the knife. The rusty weapon, however, made only a slight wound, from which he soon recovered. The knife had in the meantime been seized by the police, and has been placed by them in one of their offices.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ Why is the figure 9 like a peacock? Because it's nothing without its tail.

☞ The wits now call bigamy "Utahlising" the female sex.

☞ Robb & Steel is the suggestive name of a firm in Chicago.

☞ "If we can't hear, it ain't for the lack of ears," as the ass said to the cornfield.

☞ Josh Billings says, "Success don't konsist in never making blunders, but in never making the same one a seckond time.

☞ A French chasseur has invented a boot with small wheels attached to the soles as a means of facilitating human progress. Most men, however, will prefer to wear their castors on their heads.

☞ The custodian of what had been Garibaldi's straw-stuffed bed in Ischia was heard to mutter, on seeing a lady carry away a few straws as a relic, "They will do it; I've stuffed it six times already since the general left."

☞ Rev. Gent.—"But you really can have no serious reason to wish to be parted from your wife?" "Rustic.—Well, no, sir. I like my wife well enough, but, you see, she don't please mother."

☞ When your pocket-book is empty, and everybody knows it, you can put all your friends in it, and it won't "bulge out worth a cent."

☞ It is estimated that, by using powerful telescopes, 20,000,000 of stars can be discovered and mapped down. This will give some idea of the infinity of the system, which seems to begin nowhere and end nowhere.

☞ The custom of having orange-blossoms for bridal wreaths was derived from the Saracens, among whom the orange branch, from the circumstance of its bearing fruit and flowers at the same time, was considered an emblem of prosperity.

☞ In the last five years Spain has wasted $200 000,000 and lost between 50 000 and 75,000 troops, by bullet and disease, in a vain effort to subdue the Cubans.

☞ The Spectator affirms that, "as a rule, women, whenever their national pride is touched, are decidedly more warlike than men;" and argues that their enfranchisement would be a step in the opposite direction from the reign of peace.

☞ Dickens dieted himself while in America, and altogether lived in the most abstemious style, as he himself states in a letter to his friend Forster: "At seven in the morning, in bed, a tumbler of new cream and two tablespoonfuls of rum. At twelve, a sherry cobbler and a biscuit. At three (dinner-time), a pint of champagne. At five minutes to eight, an egg beaten up in a glass of sherry. Between the parts the strongest beef tea that can be made, drunk hot. At a quarter past ten, soup and any little thing to drink that I can fancy."

☞ "What's hay?" asked a man of an honest farmer in Burlington, Iowa, the other morning. The P. of H. told him $13 50, and followed the man around the wagon, as he examined the hay very carefully. He expressed himself as perfectly satisfied with the price and liked the looks of the hay. "Shall I put it into your barn?" asked the granger. "Well, no," the man said, "I have no barn. I only want a good clean straw to chew." The hay merchant looked as if he would like to make him eat the whole load.

☞ A medical correspondent of an English journal says that cases of rheumatism and gout can be cured by the free use of asparagus, the active principle of the plant having the effect of neutralizing the lithic acid in the system, which is the cause of all inflammatory rheumatic ailments. Hail the millennium of physic when rheumatics shall be cured by asparagus, headaches by celery, and catarrhs by quail and toast!

☞ The common salutation "How do you do?" seems a particularly redundant and awkward sentence, but in its origin was much more sensible. *Dow* pronounced as we pronounce *do*, in the old English means to "be able," to thrive, or to prosper. The word is still thus used in Scotland, and many parts of England. "How do you *dow*?" means how are you thriving? Are you well and able?

☞ A Scotchman thus recently addressed his daughter:—"Fat's this I hear ye're gaun to dee, Jeannie?" "Weel, I'm just gaun to marry that farm ower by there, and live wi' the bit mannie on't."

☞ "That dog of yourn flew at me this morning and bit me on the leg, and I notify you that I intend to shoot it the first time I see it." "The dog is not mad." "Mad! I know he's not mad. What has he got to be mad about? It's me that's mad!"

☞ A note on "wedding" may please the ladies. A "wad" or "wed" is a wager, a bet, a pledge, or plight. Therefore, in the Episcopal marriage service, the bridegroom says "and thereto I *plight* thee my troth." Wedding means pledging. But the lady says "and thereto I *give* thee my troth," a delicate concession that the bride's word is as good as her bond, and—perhaps—a great deal better than the bridegroom's "pledge."

☞ Here is a conversation which occurred after a recent election:—A defeated candidate was approached and asked how he felt. He replied: "I feel pretty much as Lazarus did; he was licked by dogs, and so was I."

☞ Gold coin, it has been demonstrated at St. Petersburg, wears away faster than silver. It may be so, but we have not had an opportunity to test the matter recently.

☞ The Grand Duchess's dowry and presents are to be returned to St. Petersburg in the case of the death of the princess without children. Thrift! Thrift! Horatio.

☞ Some girls were asked by one of our inspectors of schools, at a school examination, whether they knew what was the meaning of the word "scandal." One little girl stepped vigorously forward, and throwing her hand up in that semaphore fashion by which children indicate the possession of knowledge, attracted the notice of the inspector. He desired her to answer the question, upon which she uttered these memorable words: "Nobody does nothing, and everybody goes on telling of it everywhere."

☞ A man, named Bryant, living in Weymouth, is strangely affected by political excitement. In 1868 the contest in his borough excited him so that he cut his throat. His life was saved, however, and he consented to live through the subsequent period of political calm. The recent elections again unsettled his mind; he again cut his throat, this time fatally.

☞ Old readers of the Knickerbocker will recall with pleasure this anecdote of its editor and the literary father of Rip Van Winkle: One very warm summer day, as Irving was following Clark up the winding stairs that led to the third story and the "editorial sanctum," Clark deprecatingly remarked, "Irving, you will find my room as hot as an oven to-day." "It ought to be as hot as an oven," instantly returned Irving, "because in it you make your bread."

☞ The Tribune thinks that "one of the most marked characteristics of the American mind is its capacity for temporary enthusiasms. It is dangerous for any author to become suddenly and extremely popular, since a reaction into coldness is almost sure to follow. It takes positive genius to withstand such a turn in the tide; talent is swept under or struggles along half-drowned in indifference."

☞ A good elder of a church who was given to extravagant exaggeration, was at last called to account for his offences in that respect, and admonished not to give way to his besetting sin in future. The good old man received the admonition meekly, and earnestly said: "I know how prone I am to this fault, my brethren, and it has given me tortures of pain; and night after night I have shed barrels of tears over it." The meeting adjourned in silence.

☞ John Hopkins, the wealthiest citizen of Baltimore, whose fortune is estimated at $20 000,000, died in that city on December 24th, aged seventy-nine. He leaves no heirs, and almost all his wealth is devoted to the foundation of an hospital, colored orphans' home, and University for Baltimore.

☞ A Fair Exchange.—The way in which John Stuart Mill proposed to the lady who eventually became his wife, is said to have been as follows: "I wish I had your head, Mr. Mill," remarked the lady, on an occasion when that gentleman had solved for her a knotty point. "And I wish I had your heart," replied Mr. Mill. "Well," said the lady, "since your head and my heart agree so well, I am willing that we should go into partnership." And such was the result.

☞ Use and Abuse.—Old Gent—"You don't mean to tell me, waiter, that you can't give me a toothpick." Waiter—"Well, sir, we used to keep 'em, but the gents almost invariably took 'em away when they'd done with 'em."

☞ An Important Distinction.—The gentler sex will be thankful to us for publishing an important distinction, defined by the lady principal of a female seminary. She said—"'Girls' are anywhere from sixteen to twenty-three years of age. 'Young ladies' are invariably past thirty."

The Stomach's Revenge.—The stomach can not be maltreated with impunity. Overload it with food, irritate it with fiery liquors, impair its activity or vitiate its juices by any outrage on the laws of health, and it revenges itself through the liver, the bowels, the kidneys, the brain or the nervous system, and sometimes through all these organs simultaneously, or in succession. There is scarcely any variety of bodily or mental pain or discomfort which it does not inflict upon those who abuse and overtask its powers. Under these circumstances there is but one medicine to which the sufferer can resort with the certainty of obtaining immediate and permanent relief. The most wholesome and genial of all stomachics and correctives, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, produces an immediate and most beneficent change in the condition of the patient. The whole digestive system is at once invigorated and soothed, the liver regulated and toned, the bowels relieved of all obstructions, the spirits cheered, and the relaxed nerves strengthened and steadied.

DEAFNESS CAUSED BY CATARRH.

Catarrh not unfrequently produces deafness. Mr. Levi Swinehart, of Nettle Lake, (P. O.,) Williams Co., O., formerly of Durbin's Corners, O., has been cured of deafness of fourteen years standing, by using Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. He was so deaf he could not hear a person talk when seated by his side, and can now hear the church bells ring two miles distant—so he writes.

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About one year ago I caught a severe cold in the head, which terminated in a severe form of Catarrh. During the time ulcerations occurred in the nasal passages, and I became wholly deaf in one ear, with partial deafness in the other. The inflammation had involved all the delicate structures of the ears, and I was in immediate danger of permanent deafness. The discharge became profuse and fouled both into my throat and from my ears. In this condition I called on Dr. Pierce for aid, who prescribed his Golden Medical Discovery and Catarrh Remedy, and under their use have rapidly recovered. My hearing is restored, and my Catarrh is entirely well. JOHN SMITH.

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THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1874

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SATURDAY EVENING POST,

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

THE PAINTINGS OF MISS LEA.

Earles' Galleries, always attractive, have been unusually so the past few weeks. Nine paintings, having one room to themselves, have been visited by crowds of admirers, many of whom come again and again, for there is something in the genius of Miss Lea that takes hold upon the heart as well as charms the fancy. "I never saw any pictures I wanted so much to have!" exclaimed an enthusiastic girl, not at all given to indiscriminate raptures. "It is so rare to see any that you really long to have in your home. That fairest, sweetest vision, the Lady of Shalott! and that lovely Eloise!—a real woman to fall in love with at first sight; and, best of all, the Babes in the Wood, especially the little one—I could not take my eyes from her sorrowful, so sorrowful baby face!" The same feelings, more or less ardent, are shared by many visitors, the majority perhaps women, who do not care to ask why the pictures charm them; charmed they are, and proud that a woman's work can so move them.

On the left of the Lady of Shalott is hung one of the artist's best successes—a glowing, girlish face, shaded with a gypsy hat.

"A metaphor of Spring and Youth and Morning,
A vision of incarnate April,"

so beaming with life and light and joy. "Her beautiful sister," whispered one who knew. The palm of beauty lies between this and the Eloise, which is a rare creation. The fulness of love goes out from every expressive feature, as if her heart were running over. Her cheek rests pensively upon her hand (the exquisite turn of the wrist is a triumph of art,) and her great, soulful eyes speak eloquently of the letter she has been reading.

Katherine the Shrew is a good embodiment of Shakspeare's idea—a very decided character—a woman of large intelligence, and passionate, tumultuous temperament, looking defiance at tyranny from her stormy eyes—one to find and make trouble enough in her lot of womanhood.

In the portrait of a gentleman, the strongly marked features are wonderfully brought out by skilful management of the shadows, and the expression is so individual that one feels assured it is a true and striking likeness.

If we were to make choice among these paintings, (though it is said they are already sold,) the hesitation would lie between the Eloise and the Babes in the Wood. Why that saddest of stories, made touchingly real, should fascinate more than light and splendor and happiness, is hard to tell, but so it is. Very little light is there, yet the children are made for Heaven's own sunshine. The boy stands up bravely, and though the shadows are darkening round them in the gloomy wood, a ray of hope still lights his princely features. But the little girl! Any thing more pathetic was surely never put upon canvas. A tender darling, only fit for mother-love to fold away from harm, she feels cast out and all forsaken. The great and utter woe of so small a creature storms the heart with pity.

It is pleasing to note the progress of these pictures from those of a few years ago, in all points of excellence; showing that Miss Lea is a faithful student of nature, devoted to the art that absorbs her life. A daughter of one of our best families, she has achieved a distinction of which her native city may well feel proud. S. P.

Transplanting Honeysuckles.

As early in the spring as the ground will allow is a good time for transplanting the sweet-scented ever-green Japan honeysuckle, a kind very highly to be recommended for rapid growth, beauty and sweetness. It is very hardy, yet we had one unfortunate experience; a fine specimen, transplanted by a careless gardener too late in the season, was killed outright, though the transit was rapidly accomplished, and water and shade supplied.

If wanted to ornament a piazza, or perfume a chamber, it has only to be left to its natural growth. It will travel up the wires and reach the second story window with surprising quickness. A delightful refreshment we have found it in a June twilight when the evening star is out,

"Star that bringeth home the bee,
And sets the weary laborer free,"

to sit idly at such a window and watch the darting humming-birds and enjoy the delicious fragrance; a luxury of rest worth mounting stairs to reach, even if one is weary.

As generally grown near farm-houses, trained on a frame about seven feet high, it takes the shape of an ornamental shrub of the most beautiful kind. An exchange says:—"As a standard, the honeysuckle merits the very foremost place in our villa gardens. We have seen it with thousands of flower umbels in pale yellow and pale pink, decorating villa grounds in a way that no single plant in the month of July can do. It is scarcely possible, in words, to portray its extreme beauty and effectiveness. Buy a plant of it (cost not 50c.,) train or tie it to a stout stake, as one would do a standard rose; prune it not too severely, but in the way a hybrid china rose ought to be done; give it a good soil to grow in, and it needs no further attention. It will grow into a plant that will astonish, by its flowering capacity, thousands and tens of thousands who have not seen it so trained." S. P.

JOHNNY Q.

[Written after reading a report of John Q. Adams's recent speech in the Massachusetts Legislature against the Centennial celebration.]

The Keystone said to her sister band,
Our hundredth year is near at hand;
Let us bring the riches of earth and art,
With jubilant soul and thankful heart,
From farthest East to farthest West,
And show how God our land has blest.
But Johnny Q.
Says that won't do—
He must have a high old hubbubboo!

Her sister States to the Keystone say,
We are ready to follow you, lead the way.
We will gather around your sacred Hall,
As our fathers gathered at duty's call.
We will bring our treasures of earth and art,
With jubilant sou and grateful heart.
But Johnny Q.
Says that won't do—
He must have a high old hubbubboo!

Let all be pleased, be they foolish or wise,
There is room for all beneath our blue skies.
Set a space apart, where from morn till night,
Guns, pistols and cannon shall roar with delight,
While fire-crackers, speeches, and flags waving high,
Keep up for six months one great Fourth of July.
If Johnny Q.
Thinks that will do,
We will give him a high old hubbubboo!

U. P.

The Flowers of Malmaison.

One of the greatest attractions at Malmaison was the magnificent collection of tropical and other rare plants, gathered from all parts of the earth. Not a ship left a foreign port without bearing some botanical treasure to Josephine, who fairly idolized flowers, and seemed to possess a sort of fraternal sympathy with them—a mysterious affinity not comprehended by the rest of the world. A flower was a surer passport to her favor than the most precious gem. All Europe knew of her passion, and strangers took pride in gratifying it. Even war suspended its rigors in favor of a taste so laudable and beneficent, for the prince regent of England ordered that all plants expressed to Josephine which fell into the hands of his cruisers should be forwarded to her.

In the plan of the largest hot-house there presided an inspiration peculiarly her own; this was to unite the attractions of the hot-house to those of the drawing-room; and in accordance with this idea an elegant room was constructed near the centre of the longer side of the building, and separated from it only by two columns supporting the entrance. These columns, twelve feet high, were of violet breccia, with gilded bases and capitals. The room was decorated with exquisite taste after classic models. Here Josephine came every day—first, to look after her treasures and to enjoy the delicious surprise known only to flower-cultivators, of seeing some new exotic opening its glowing petals to the light for the first time in its foreign home; and then to recline with an indolence that is itself a culture in that charming sanctuary where the most graceful forms, the most perfect colors, the most exquisite odors created a symphony of delights.

Among the flowers introduced into France by Josephine were rare species of the hibiscus, bignonia, phlox, myrtle, geranium, mimosa, cactus and rhododendron. One of the finest dahlias still bears the name "Coquette de Rueil," a *Camellia Japonica* owes its name to Josephine, and she is immortalized in the "Souvenir de la Malmaison," one of the finest roses in the world. In the *Jardin de la Malmaison*, a costly folio, containing full-sized colored plates of the one hundred and eighty-four exotic plants that blossomed, nearly all of them, in the Malmaison hot-houses for the first time, there is the Josephine Imperatricis. This is a lovely bignonia, propagated from seeds brought from New Holland.

SUITABLE FOOD FOR BRAIN-WORKERS.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton in his book on "The Intellectual Life," shows his practical good sense and soundness of thought in nothing more decidedly than in his recognition of the dependence of the brain upon the amount and quality of the food. As he says, "people cannot be brought to consider this matter seriously," but serious it is, notwithstanding.

"The importance of scientific cookery can hardly be exaggerated. Intellectual labor is, in its origin, as dependent upon the art of cookery as the dissemination of its results is dependent upon paper-making and printing. This is one of those matters which people cannot be brought to consider seriously; but cookery in its perfection—the great science of preparing food in the way best suited to our use—is really the most important of all sciences, and the mother of the arts. The wonderful theory that the most ignorant cookery is the most favorable to health, is only fit for the dark ages. It is grossly and stupidly untrue. A scientific cook will keep you in regular health, when an ignorant one will offer you the daily alternative of starving or indigestion."

The quality of the food being exactly adapted to individual needs, the quantity must be as nicely considered. There are few if any exceptions to the rule that

"nothing interferes so much with brain work as over-eating. The intellectual workman requires nourishment of the best possible quality, but the quantity ought always to be well within the capacity of his digestive powers. The truth appears to be, that whilst the intellectual life makes very large demands upon nutrition—for cerebral activity cannot go forward without constant supplies of force, which must come ultimately from what we have eaten—this kind of life, being sedentary, is unfavorable to the work of digestion. Brain-workers cannot eat like sportsmen and farmers without losing many hours in torpor, and yet they need nutrition as much as if they led active lives. The only way out of this difficulty is to take care that the food is good enough for a moderate quantity of it to maintain the physical and mental powers."

"All Trumps."

At a whist party in Ohio recently, a dealer found his hand to consist of the whole thirteen trumps. It has been calculated that if the entire population of the earth, taken at one thousand millions of persons, were to deal the cards incessantly day and night for one hundred millions of years, at the rate of a deal by each person a minute, they would not have exhausted the one hundred thousandth part of the number of essentially different ways in which the cards can be distributed. The odds against the dealer holding thirteen trumps may be taken in round figures at one hundred and fifty-one thousand millions to one.

☞ M. Edmond About says of Doré:—"From the moment of his *début*, he had nothing but success, and success of more than one sort, for Nature has been bountiful to him. He played the violin like a laureate of the conservatoire; he sang with a beautiful *tenorini* voice in such a way as to deserve the applause of Rossini; he was as great an athlete as the most muscular under-graduate of Oxford or Cambridge. His genial and loyal character disarmed envy, while his private life under his mother's roof wins universal esteem."

FREE PLATFORM.

[In the absence of articles from our Temperance controversialists this week, we give one from "Zig," on the Woman's Temperance Movement in Ohio, and another on the same subject from "Common Sense." The latter seems somewhat inclined to get up a Man's crusade in relation to certain practices of which he says women are guilty, but which certainly cannot be true, so far as the fair readers of THE POST are concerned.]

W. W. W.

You don't know what that stands for? Well, I'll tell you. It stands for "Woman's Whisky War." The women of Ohio, put up to it, they say, by that queer reformer who seems at times to be a little bit cracked—Dio Lewis—have inaugurated the mightiest crusade of modern times. It is a crusade which has for its object nothing less than the entire shutting up and demolishing of all the drinking-saloons in the country. They go about it in a way which nobody ever heard of before, so that their method, even if, in the long run, it does not have the merit of success, has at least the merit of novelty.

Some time ago, in a temperance lecture delivered here in Ohio, I believe, Dio Lewis, the Boston bean-eater, recommended the ladies to turn out *en masse*, the most respectable and wealthy ladies in the community, post themselves on the sidewalk in front of any given whisky shop, and begin and sing and pray all day, right there in the street, or else to enter the whisky shop itself, and sing their hymns inside, and then get right down upon their knees on the dirty floor, and say their prayers. They were thus to besiege the devil's stronghold, and bombard the devil with the weapons of righteousness, till the devil was worried out and gave in. In other words, they were to pray and sing in front or inside of that beer saloon every day until the dram-seller pledged himself to close his shop and quit the business. After they had thus vanquished that saloon, they were to visit another, and pray it out of existence in the same manner, and then another and another, until they had closed every whisky shop in the community.

When I first read of this plan, and that some ladies in the towns and villages not far from Cincinnati were actually about to try it, I confess it appeared to me that I had never heard of such a piece of lunatic nonsense in my life. Well, the business commenced sure enough in Washington, Ohio, a town of several thousand inhabitants, about seventy miles northeast of Cincinnati. In that little town of Washington began the movement known now all over civilization as the "Woman's Whisky War." This was about six weeks ago, I think. At first the newspapers ridiculed it all over the State, the saloon-keepers laughed and swore at it in one breath, and the gentlemen topers of the upper classes made merry over the temperance spasm of a few fanatical women. Of course no lady of the upper rank of society would get down upon her knees in the mud before a beer saloon door and make a show of herself. That was what the world said and thought of the new temperance movement. Howls of ridicule and incredulity greeted the queer little bantling all over the State.

The Washington ladies went to singing and saying their prayers in the mud, in front of the beer saloons of that town. In a few days the ladies of some villages surrounding Washington went at it too. Then some of the larger towns caught the contagion, and the ladies in those places began singing and praying the whisky shops to death. Then suddenly the new movement spread like a rushing wave all over the State, and continuing on, entered Indiana, where the ladies are singing and praying out whisky nearly as zealously as in Ohio. Contrary to the expectation of the newspapers and everybody else, ladies of the first respectability as well as of the highest social rank have gone down on their knees in the mud of the street, or upon the dirty floors of beer saloons, and set to praying and singing with all their might. Dio Lewis, in a letter to the Cincinnati Commercial, names it as one of the essential conditions of success for the movement in any town that the first ladies of the place should take hold of it, visit a saloon only in large numbers, and have their husbands' purses to back them in cases of any legal difficulty. If, as has happened in one or two instances, only two or three poor, forlorn, bedraggled drunkards' wives go and stand in front of a beer saloon and attempt to sing and pray, they will inevitably be drowned out with the ribald insult and jeering of the whisky rowdies. But ladies of wealth and position must take hold of it in numbers, and then the rowdies won't dare insult them, because no man of any spirit and respectability will see his wife insulted by a rowdy without pitching in and thrashing that rowdy within an inch of his life. It is true logic, as well as gospel and philosophy. The cracked doctor appears to have method in his madness.

The psalm-singing whisky war has so far had an extraordinary triumph, temporarily, at least. No sooner would the brigade attack a beer saloon than the receipts of that saloon would begin to fall off. That man who will march up through a crowd of women who are down on their knees praying, and boldly call for and drink his mug of beer or glass of whisky before their very eyes, has more brass than most men. In fact, to do that thing requires more cheek than even an insurance agent possesses, and they say that not a single toper has the hardihood to call for his dram while the women are besieging a saloon. It would be like going into a church during religious service, and calling for a drink of whisky. You can imagine for yourself how you'd like to do such a thing. Whenever the ladies tackle a whisky shop, the business of that saloon literally "dries up" at once. In some cases, the saloon-keepers have been very brave before the battle, swearing that no gang of women should ever drive them out, that they'd do this, that, and the other outrageous and ungodly thing, if the women came near them—above all, that they'd never, never, never yield, but be deaf, blind, and stony-hearted to all the singing and praying the ladies might do in forty years. But curiously enough, in every instance where the ladies have gone regularly at them and prayed all their customers away from them, they have capitulated, and pledged themselves to close up and quit. What else could they do, indeed, when nobody bought or drank their fiery waters any more? So greatly has the liquor traffic been interfered with that certain railroads leading out of Cincinnati, up through the State, only ship one-tenth as many kegs of beer now as they did before the temperance excitement. The large breweries here in the city are being seriously affected in the manufacture of beer, too, and you know Cincinnati is the headquarters of beer in the United States. I have heard Germans themselves say that we make the best beer in the world here. In several instances, the saloon-keepers in various parts of the State have said that the Cincinnati brewers and wholesale liquor dealers have offered to furnish them liquor free of charge for one year, if they would only hold out against the women. So you see what a hold the temperance movement has taken in Ohio.

The movement has also shown up and converted "the wickedest man in Ohio." At a small town named New Vienna, back in the State some distance, dwelt a whisky-shop keeper of the name of Van Pelt. Remember the name, Van Pelt, so you'll know it; because I think you'll hear it again, maybe, when the temperance deluge sweeps over your part of the country. The ladies went into Van Pelt's saloon and began their praying and singing. Van Pelt cursed them, called them vile names, and threw dirty water and stale beer over them while they were actually down on their knees praying. They stood their ground bravely, however, and returned to the charge next day. They prayed out on the sidewalk this time. Van Pelt abused them and soused stale beer and dirty water over them again, and at the close of their devotions, actually had the brazen hardihood to ask them to come into his saloon and take a drink all round! And the next day old Van Pelt was heralded all over the State as the wickedest man in Ohio, and in a few days more Cincinnati curiosity dealers had photographs of him for sale. But hear now the sequel to the story of the wickedest man in Ohio. The ladies still kept pegging away, Van Pelt grew wickeder and wickeder, and at last this audacious scamp demanded the privilege of praying turn about with the ladies. When it came his turn, the wickedest man in Ohio made a sort of ridiculous mock prayer, and in his prayer abused the ladies in the worst manner in which he could wag his wicked tongue. In a word, if there ever was an incarnation of "pure cussedness" on earth, the name of that incarnation was Van Pelt.

And yet, as sure as you're alive, the heroic ladies beat Van Pelt out, conquered him first, and then converted him—and this day, that wicked Van Pelt is travelling with Dr. Dio Lewis, making temperance speeches. What do you think o' that? It does appear as though the age of miracles isn't gone by yet. They say that every eye in the audience shed tears when Van Pelt made his first temperance speech, and told in his rude, unlettered language, how the Christian ladies had been too many for him. I haven't much faith in sudden conversions, and always wait until I see how long they "stay put," before committing myself to a belief in them, but if that reprobate of a Van Pelt is permanently turned from his evil ways, then I am sure that one single conversion will prove that the Woman's Whisky War has not been in vain.

The ladies are still at work in the same way. They haven't come to Cincinnati yet, and I doubt if they will, somehow. It would be a tremendous work to go to singing and praying the beer-saloons out of Cincinnati. But the temperance ladies are taking the rest of the State. The Commercial has several correspondents out in the field of war, reporting, and every day nearly a whole page, some days more than a page of that wide-awake paper is occupied with the Woman's Whisky War. Every day there are a dozen or twenty dispatches from various parts, telling how the saloon-keepers are surrendering and clearing out here and there. So you see the war has assumed very formidable dimensions. In no place do the ladies knock the heads out of whisky-barrels, or destroy liquor, or make use of any violent measures whatever. They just take their stand in front of a beer-saloon, and sing and pray by the hour. It is an entirely new and unexpected mode of fighting Alcohol. In the novelty of it probably lies its success.

What will be the final effect of it all? That I can't answer. I have no more idea than if I were dead and buried. I am such a sour, hard-hearted old heathen, that I haven't a bit of faith in any reform of that sort, till I wait and see how the converts stay reformed. If in two years from now, there shall be less intoxicating drink used in Ohio than there is now, if there shall be a single trace of the good work of the women's whisky crusade yet remaining in the State, then I shall say it has indeed been a blessed work. But I must wait and see, before I make up my mind. There are people who say that the world will drink just about so much liquor anyhow, and that where topers can't get intoxicating drink at a whisky shop, they will keep their private bottle at home, and swig out of that. Faith! I don't know. I don't know anything about it. I can only do just what I'm going to do, and that is—wait and see. ZIG.

THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I am not at all surprised at the Woman's Movement in Ohio, or that it should extend to other parts of the country and become general—for like causes produce like effects.

What are those causes?

All morbid and unhealthy action of the mind or body, is greatly promoted by an unhealthy mode of living. Bad food, bad air, want of proper exercise and recreation, and too much work are at the bottom of a large proportion of the intemperance which prevails among men. In the case of women, these causes are aggravated by injurious modes of dress, assumed in obedience to the great goddess, Fashion—a goddess who is worshipped by three-fourths of the women of the United States with a devotion scarcely accorded to the great Jehovah himself.

The injury done, for instance, by tight lacing alone, to the women first, and their children after them, is probably far greater than that which results from the intemperate use of strong liquors.

Ask any reliable physician, in confidence, about this, and see if he does not say so. Do not ask him in public, for he may have a family to support, and as the greater portion of his practice is the ministering to female patients, he will not care to incur their displeasure by an honest confession of the truth.

Added to the injury done by tight-lacing, we have had for some years past a most horrible practice of dressing. All women know that for every yard it once took to make a dress, it now takes from one and a half to two. I say nothing at present of the wanton waste of money which this heaping on of useless stuff involves, and which is aggravated by an immense amount of equally useless trimmings. I am considering merely the matter of health. And I unhesitatingly declare that the dragging about of these heavy dresses with them all through the day, is destroying the little remaining health which the unnatural and wicked practice of tight-lacing has left to the women of our land.

Sensible women—perhaps one in three—will admit this: but will generally add, "We cannot help it. Fashion decrees it, and we cannot make ourselves 'perfect frights.'" But the great majority, in defiance of physicians and physiologists, will stoutly deny that tight-lacing and heavy dresses are the least injurious to them, although they will admit that their health is not what it should be, that they are weak and nervous, hysterical, and generally good-for-nothing.

But added to the Tight Lacing and the terrible loads of skirts and trimmings, Fashion also has prescribed that a great wad of purchased hair or flax should be worn upon the head in addition to the natural covering. As a consequence the female brain is kept all the time in a heated and feverish condition. I have heard ladies with whom I was intimate, and who had a thickness of about six inches of purchased hair on their heads, exclaim that they must rush up-stairs and take off their hair, it was making them frantic. From this source come headaches and brain fevers, and all those alarming symptoms which result from the overheating and abuse of that delicate organ, the brain.

Now we come to the origin of this Woman's movement.

Sensible and healthy women—healthy both in body and mind—who know the truth in respect to these things, and how tight-lacing, heavy dresses, and loads of hair and flax are sapping the vitality of their sex, so that you seldom find a woman as strong as her mother, and never as strong as her grandmother, if they were called upon to devote all their energies to correct some error of the men's, would simply answer, we have far more than we can do to correct the errors of our own sex, errors which threaten to make the women of America the very weakest race on the whole globe. They would answer further, perhaps, that it might be owing in a considerable degree to the weakness of the mothers that the sons experienced a want of nervous energy, which led them to crave an undue proportion of stimulants. And that if they could make the women of the land live sensibly, and thus become more healthy and vigorous, they probably would be striking one of the greatest blows that possibly could be struck at the intemperate use of alcoholic liquors.

But suppose the impassioned appeals of some intemperate temperance orator to be addressed to a crowd of women, whose compressed lungs, dyspeptic stomachs and heated brains naturally inclined them to become the victims of morbid and unhealthy excitements. Who can wonder that these women should forget their own proper duties—the care of their houses and children—and their own sins and criminal weaknesses, and start out, with their laced-up corsets, their heavy skirts and loads of purchased hair to reform—not themselves and their sisters, who so much need reforming—but the erring and foolish *men?*

And what will come of it? What usually comes of fanaticism? What came of the fanaticism of Cromwell and his saints? The last state probably will be worse than the first. Even strife and bloodshed may come of it. For the reverence shown to woman, depends upon her acting with the delicacy and courtesy of a woman. If she abuses the privilege of her sex, she must expect to forfeit the privilege. The women probably will be insulted—their husbands will take up the quarrel—and strife and bloodshed may result.

Where the spirit of the Lord dwells, there is order. "Moral suasion" is an excellent thing—but I cannot justifiably intrude into my neighbor's house or place of business, or block up the street before his door, on the plea that I wish to convert him from the errors of his way. Men may think that the large dry-goods establishments and jewellery stores, and cake and candy shops tempt their wives and daughters into useless and often unhealthy extravagances; but a prayer meeting at Mr. Homer's or Mr. Caldwell's, or even in the street before their doors, with an organized attempt to intimidate their lady customers, would not and should not be tolerated even under the plea of religious duty. For where the spirit of the Lord is, there is order.

If these ladies would act in private by appeals to their husbands, sons, brothers and friends, I think they would have more real and lasting influence than by going in a body to strangers. If they cannot influence the former, how can they hope permanently to influence the latter? While the demand exists for strong liquors, that demand will be supplied, either privately or publicly. It is the purchaser who is to blame, in nine cases out of ten, more than the seller. There is something both cowardly and absurd, it seems to me, in attacking the comparatively small body of sellers, as if they were the vilest of the vile, and leaving the large body of buyers go without a single word of rebuke. It is as if men were to attack the sellers of corsets and dry-goods and hair, as if they were to blame for the dreadful evils which result from the intemperate use of those articles, and not the women who bought them.

In conclusion I would add that I think the only way to prevent the intemperate use of alcoholic liquors, is to find out the causes of that intemperate craving. I have partially indicated those causes in the present article—and if your correspondents "Temperance" and "No Fanatic" would turn their attention more to those physical and moral causes, and less to either Prohibitory Laws or to Moral Suasion, I think they would do more good by their discussion. COMMON SENSE.

The "Blood Cure."

We have had the "milk cure," and the "water cure," and now we are offered the "blood cure." Invalids in Boston have commenced to patronize the Butchers' Abattoir, in Brighton, for medical treatment, simply drinking a half tumblerful of warm blood twice a day. This course one gentleman, Mr. C. H. Stickney, has followed for ten weeks, and during that time gained ten pounds in weight. Another, a consumptive, so feeble that it was with difficulty he could get to the abattoir, is now able to handle an axe skilfully enough to "knock down a bullock." A lady sick six years, stricken with paralysis, is improving wonderfully. A gratifying feature of this cure is that it is "without money and without price."

Charles Kingsley on Fast Life.

Rev. Charles Kingsley, the distinguished preacher and novelist, was cordially received by the Lotos Club, when in New York. In the course of his remarks he said that he was for whipping up, crowding on, doing his work with all his might, and getting through with it and with life as quick as he could. He asked for no long life, protracted until the faculties began to waste. His view of it was, that he would crowd into the present all it would hold, and await the coming change with a sincere welcome. It is not often that such men speak in this manner. He is a fine specimen of robust, physical manhood, and his intellect maintains itself in a corresponding glow. If he were of a more meditative turn he would look very differently upon a tranquil old age.

WIT AND HUMOR.

EARLY RISING.

Rise with the lark; that is, during cold weather as soon as the lark rises waken your wife and tell her that it is time to build the fire. If she makes any objections you can refer her to a dozen works on the benefit of early rising. Any man who cares a cent for his wife's health will take pride in hearing her around the house at daylight of a winter's morning, getting up a red-hot stove and warming his socks and boots.

DR. BARROW AND ROCHESTER.

Among other instances of Dr. Isaac Barrow's wit and vivacity, the following set-to between him and the profligate Lord Rochester is related, in which the doctor certainly had the best of it. These two gentlemen meeting one day at court, while Barrow was king's chaplain in ordinary, Rochester, thinking to banter him, accosted him with a flippant air and a low, formal bow, saying, "Doctor, I am yours to my shoe-tie." Barrow, perceiving his drift, returned the salute with, "My lord, I am yours to the ground." Rochester, improving on this, quickly returned it with, "Doctor, I am yours to the centre;" which was as smartly followed by Barrow, with, "My lord, I am yours to the antipodes." Upon which Rochester, piqued at being foiled by one he called "a musty old piece of divinity," exclaimed, "Doctor, I am yours to the lowest pit of hell;" upon which Barrow, turning upon his heel, with a sarcastic smile, archly replied, "There, my lord, I leave you."—*Book of Clerical Anecdotes.*

SPANISH PROVERBS.—"He who has nothing to do, let him buy a ship or marry a wife." "From many children and little bread good Lord deliver us." "A fool is never a great one unless he knows Latin."

IN THE STYLE.

One morning Biddy, seeing her mistress in a loose wrapper, was told it was the style of "half undressed." The next morning her master brought in some tomatoes fresh from the vines, which he told her to serve up "in an undressed state." When breakfast was ready Biddy came with the tomatoes, having very few clothes on, in fact but a single garment decked her sturdy limbs. The master and mistress viewed her with amazement, but she made sure her position as she placed the dish on the table, by saying, "Arrah! sure, I'm in an undress state, as ye ordered me, and begorra I'll not strip another rag if I get my discharge!"

A MAID'S MISTAKE.

I heard, when in England, a good story of Florence Nightingale which perhaps has not been told here. She took to the Crimea a perfect dragon of a maid, of mature years, whose duty was to "keep all vexations intruders away," so when one day a very elderly man called at Miss Nightingale's tent, the maid refused him entrance. "Very well," said the caller; "my name is Raglan. Perhaps she will see me." The maid went inside, but presuming that he was a man who wanted help, and finding Miss Nightingale was asleep, she returned and dismissed him on her own account, saying her mistress could see nobody. When Miss Nightingale awoke, she said, "Well, Abigail, any one been here?" "Yes, miss, a poor man, who said his name was Ragman; and he looked it." "Oh, Abigail! Abigail!" said Miss Nightingale in distress, "you have dismissed the commander-in-chief!"

SAMBOS TAX RECEIPT.

A negro down South, having been fortunate enough to accumulate considerable of this world's goods, desired, as all loyal subjects should, to pay tax on the same. It being a new business to him, he did not know there was a proper officer for receiving taxes, and concluded that all that was necessary was to find a man with a white skin. Consequently he hailed the first man he met. "Say, boss, I want to pay my tax; must I gib it to you?" On being told that it would be received by the comprehensive white gentleman, the negro gave him twenty-five dollars, and he asked if that was enough. "I suppose it is," said the white man. "Boss, gim me showin' for dat," said the negro. Again the wits of the white man were at work, and he soon handed the negro a slip of paper with the inscription, "As Moses lifted the serpent out of the wilderness, likewise have I lifted twenty-five dollars out of this stupid negro's pocket."

Not long after this the negro met the tax-collector proper. "Done paid it, boss, and here's de 'ceipt," at the same time handing the piece of paper to the officer. He read, "As Moses lifted the serpent out of the wilderness, likewise have I lifted twenty-five dollars out of this stupid negro's pocket." "Hold on, boss, you read um wrong," ejaculated the astonished darkey, as he snatched the paper and carried it to another man, who began to read, "As Moses lifted—" Here he was interrupted by the negro, who exclaimed, "Look-a-yar; jest gim me dat paper; I'm gwine to lift dat white man out'n his boots, 'fore heaven I is."

With this he left, and, not having been heard from since, it is supposed he is still looking for the man to whom he paid his tax.

RETURNING SPRING.

The first laburnum droops her curls,
And mingles with the lilac's locks;
O'er golden meadows browse the flocks;
The orchard-blossom tipes sweet girls.

The sweet-brier sheds its heavenly breath;
I pass the wallflower's rich perfume;
And chestnut with its tint-freaked plume;
O world to banish dreams of death!

The scent of flower, the song of bird,
The lace of leaf, the light of heaven,
Are vital with a mystic leaven
We have a soul for, not a word.

☞ This is one of Lord Lytton's many bright sayings in "The Parisians": "Society, my friend, is a wall of very strong masonry, as it now stands; it may be sapped in the course of a thousand years, but stormed in a day—no! You dash your head against it—you scatter your brains, and you dislodge a stone. Society smiles in scorn, effaces the stain, and replaces the stone. I no longer war against society. I do war against a system in that society which is hostile to me."

☞ Referring to the teaching of morals in schools, President Smart, of the Indiana Teachers' Association, says: "It seems to me that the moral tone of our young people is not so high as it was ten years ago; that they have less respect for rightful authority and less regard for the rights of others; that they care less for the truth and honesty, and are more inclined to disregard the law of obedience to their parents; that they are influenced less by their moral obligations and more by their passions and prejudice."

IN EXILE.

The sun at the crag's base brightens
And shivers in waves of gold;
And overhead, in its vastness,
The fathomless blue is rolled.
There comes no wind from the water,
There shines no cool on the main,
And not a cloud's to shadow
The earth with its heavy grain.
Oh, give in return for this glory,
So ravishing, warm and still,
The mist of a Highland valley—
The breeze from a Scottish hill.

Day after day glides slowly,
Ever and ever the same;
Seas of intense, hot splendor,
Airs which smite hot as flame.
Birds of celestial plumage,
Palms straight as columns of fire,
Flutter and glitter around me:
But not to my soul's desire.
I long for the song of the laverock,
The cuckoo's loud call from
The sweep of the red deer's antlers,
The gem of the mountain ash.

Only when night's quiescent,
And peopled with alien stars,
Old faces come to the casement,
And pass through the vine-leaved bars.
No words! but I guess their fancies—
Their dreamings are also mine—
Of the land of the cloud and heather,
The region of Auld Lang Syne.
Again we are treading the mountains,
Below us brandies the firth,
And billows of light keep rolling
Down leagues of empurpled heath.

Speed swift through the glowing tropics,
Stout ship, which shall bear me home;
O gear, as a steel-shod arrow,
Through tempest, darkness and foam.
Beat up through the silent girdle
That circles the flying earth,
Till there shall blaze on thy compass
The lode star over the North,
That the winds of the hills may greet me,
Ere now as brandies the firth,
And billows of light keep rolling
Down leagues of empurpled heath.

THE SEA OF FIRE;

OR,

ON THE BRINK OF A PRECIPICE.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

CHAPTER XIV.

A HAPPY TRIO.

Madame Bourlé, at present Clairevoyante, was not one of those venerable and beautiful ladies whom we often meet, whose lives of well-doing have impressed their faces with a loveliness which seems the light shining upon them from the open gates of Heaven.

Madame Bourlé was old, but not venerable in any sense. It is true, Madame Bourlé smiled very often, and showed the whitest, best-made teeth; she wore many rows of small, stiff, black curls, ornamented with a structure formed of lace and purple ribbons, and she also wore rouge on her yellow, wrinkled cheeks. But none of these things constitute beauty, and madame was as false as her adornments, only her falseness was not so easily discernible at first sight.

She had, earlier in life, been a Parisian grisette. At that time she had not yet been forced to take to rouge, and she had met an Englishman in Paris. This Englishman's name was Burleigh, and he had no visible means of support. He was a gambler and swindler by profession, and as the belle grisette was pretty and sprightly, seeming at the same time to have a natural aptitude for his profession, he married her.

For reasons best known to themselves, they left Paris and sojourning for a time in New York, went to Brazil, taking with them their two children—Ross and Laura. Madame's husband had set up a gambling establishment in Pará, at the same time endeavoring to dispose of a rare jewel which had come into his possession.

In this he had not succeeded. One dark night he was assassinated in the Rua dos Mercadores, and the gem—the De Lancy Ruby—stolen from him. Madame made every effort to trace the murderer and the Ruby. In vain. In after years her son was more successful, although by accident. He discovered the Ruby in the possession of Antonio the Avenger.

On her husband's death, she had managed the gambling salon with great tact. She had sent her children North for their education, and recalled them when they had grown old enough to take care of themselves.

She surrendered the control of her establishment to Ross. She had determined that Laura should be respectable. For her she managed to obtain the situation of governess in Señor de Vastro's household. Laura was not without attractions, madame thought complacently, de Vastro was a widower. Who knows what might come of it?

Having thus provided for her children, madame took her parrot, her bonbonniere, a round sum of money, together with her other belongings, and went North to fresh fields and pastures new, leaving behind no valuable movable except her maternal blessing.

Madame had another plan for Ross, but whether that plan could ever be carried out was very uncertain, and at present the best place for him was Paris.

Having done her utmost for her children, the worthy woman was not agreeably surprised when they again threw themselves on her hands on a certain night, or rather early morning, after having escaped from the Gloria in the captain's gig.

They rang the bell furiously, awakening the other tenants in the house, of which madame occupied the first floor. But the old lady was in no hurry. She put in her teeth, arranged her glossy front hair, and laid a coating of pearl-powder on her face.

"It becomes one on an occasion of haste to be somewhat pale with anxiety," she said, as she opened the door.

Her amazement was more genuine than her anxiety when she confronted the tall form of her son.

"Enfin, maman!" he exclaimed, springing from the steps and helping Laura to remove Inez de Vastro, who had been lulled to sleep by a powerful narcotic, from a cab.

Madame was voluble, but both Ross and Laura refused to answer any questions until they had rested; so madame was forced to stifle her feverish curiosity, and prepare accommodations for her unexpected guests.

About noon the three sat in madame's parlor, which was profusely ornamented with cheap gilding and mock fresco. Artificial flowers stood in vases in every spot capable of holding such decorations. The parrot, Bebi, in its brightly polished cage, surveyed the three and the remnants of their late breakfast, with an air of severe criticism, as if he were preparing to lecture them on the evils of late rising.

"Are we in danger of interruption from your clients, maman?" asked Laura.

"Not at all," said madame. "They are not so numerous. There are more fools than there were formerly, but there are more knaves to profit by the folly of the fools, which makes business dull."

"Very true," said Ross. "A little more chocolate, if you please."

"And now, my children, why have you deserted your splendid prospects in Pará?"

"The climate became too hot for us, maman," said Laura.

"Ah, I comprehend. Explain the particulars, my daughter."

Laura explained the causes that had led to their departure from Pará.

"But of your father's murderer—of the Ruby, did you learn nothing?"

Burleigh and his sister hesitated a moment. They feared their mother's avarice; but experience had taught them the futility of attempting to conceal anything from her eager curiosity.

"Of my father's murderer," said Burleigh, "I know nothing positive, though it is possible that an Indian named Antonio committed the crime. Of the Sea of Fire, I can say that it is mine."

"Do you speak the truth?" The old woman half arose in her chair and bent a keen, searching look on her son's face.

"I speak the truth, though you'll not take my word for it. The Sea of Fire—the De Lancy Ruby—is in my possession."

Madame sunk back, and put her hands before her eyes as if the news dazzled her.

"You will let me see the gem?" she asked.

"Not at present," he said, trying to meet her penetrating glance. "I have placed it in bank—under lock and key."

"You are not telling the truth, Ross," she said, eyeing him steadily, and then adding in a querulous voice, "I am only a weak, old woman. You surely don't think I'd steal it."

Burleigh laughed, and said with an assumption of frankness—

"I don't know about that. If I were in your place, I'd be tempted to steal it, and perhaps I'd yield to that temptation, too. It's very easy to put white powder—"

"You are suspicious like your poor dear father," said madame, suddenly recovering her cool, polished manner, and taking out her snuff-box.

"And with like reason," muttered her son.

"It makes no difference to me when I see it. Any time will do. Who is this girl you've brought with you?"

"Inez de Vastro."

"Inez de Vastro!"

"Yes. She is to be my wife. A good speculation, I think."

"A good speculation," repeated madame, thoughtfully, "yes, very good. I remember how fond of Inez old de Vastro was. He would give up his whole fortune rather than allow her to suffer. You were born under a lucky star, mon fils. I hope you'll not forget your poor mother."

"Certainly not," said Burleigh, with a dubious smile, "since I owe so much to her lessons. I notice," he added, taking up a card, "that you've changed your name."

"Bourlé is a better name for my business than Burleigh; but is Inez de Vastro willing to marry you?"

"Whether she is or not, is a matter of small consequence. She shall."

"And how will you make her your wife?"

"By force."

"Bah!" was all madame vouchsafed to say.

"You are talking nonsense, Ross," Laura Burleigh interposed. "You can't drag her before a parson or a magistrate in a state of insensibility. You will have to get her consent."

"Frighten her into it."

"Don't be a fool, Ross! I know that Inez de Vastro would die rather than be forced to marry you."

"Diable! Why didn't you tell me this before. But she shall be my wife, if the whole world should rise and forbid the banns!"

Laura laughed.

"The case stands thus," said madame. "I conclude that you have brought the girl here with neither her consent nor her father's. Is it not so?"

Burleigh nodded.

"Before this, it is probable that another vessel has started from Pará, and it is also probable that the other vessel contains de Vastro himself. When he reaches New York—which will be in a week or two—he will use every means to recover his daughter. Imagine me in such a position! Would I not exert—"

"We know all that!" interrupted her dutiful son.

"I would be as a tiger deprived of her young," resumed madame, determined to be sentimental. "Yes, I would be as a tiger! De Vastro will put the detectives on your track. They will find you, for they are as veritable bloodhounds—the detectives. If the girl is your wife, you can defy them. If not, they will take her. Therefore, you must marry her at once, and de Vastro will not be cruel to the husband of his daughter. His best course will be to forgive and forget."

"The devil's in you women, I think!" cried Burleigh, starting up. "You prove to me that I can't marry the girl, and then you prove to me that I must marry her. What do you mean?"

"You must marry her at once," said Laura. "You must frighten her into consenting, but not by mere physical fear. I know her. She has a weak frame, but a stout heart. But there are other means. Give me time to think about it."

Burleigh, as if glad to change the subject, began to relate the incidents which had led to his obtaining The Sea of Fire.

"De Lancy!—which De Lancy?" asked madame, when the name was mentioned; "not Ralph?"

"No; Aubrey. The old man started for New York in the Gloria. He was one of our fellow-passengers, as Laure here can tell you."

"I made a conquest of the old fool," said Laura. "I might be his wife if I chose. Indeed, it is not too late yet, and he is worth the catching."

"He was once," said madame, "but he was a spendthrift, and ran through his fortune."

"You knew him, then?"

"In Paris."

"He is rich now, and I would enjoy the pleasure of helping him to run through another fortune," said Laura. "His brother, Calvert, left him an immense property in Pennsylvania."

"Is this true?" asked madame, with intense eagerness. "Is this true, Ross?"

"I do not know anything about it. If Laura has no motive for deceiving you, it is probably true."

The elder woman seemed in some way agitated by the fact of Ralph De Lancy's accession to his dead brother's estate. She arose from the table, and with her back turned to the others began to feed the parrot.

Her daughter watched her curiously, and then, shrugging her shoulders, turned to Ross.

"I have an idea," she said. "There was a rumor in Pará that Señor de Vastro had been mixed up in the revolution of '35. He was a young man then. Inez heard it in some way, though her father never spoke of it, and she worried herself about the rumor sometimes."

"What on earth has all this to do with my marrying her?" interrupted Burleigh, impatiently.

"A great deal. She foolishly imagined that the government might imprison her father for supposed treason, committed almost forty years ago. Not long ago—a year or so—there was a talk of a revolt. It was said that a written compact was being secretly signed by many prominent citizens of Pará. This compact bound the signers to overthrow the existing government."

"Have you the slightest intention of coming to the point?"

"Patience. I don't know that there really was any such compact, but let us suppose there was, and that Señor de Vastro signed it."

"Well?"

"Well," she repeated, mimicking his tone, "are you stupid?"

"I have no talent for guessing riddles."

"No," returned his sister, "I know that. You make a capital highwayman, but when brain work is necessary you are nowhere. Just think of the scrape your stupidity got us into on board the Gloria. But for your premature mention of our name, I might now be engaged to old De Lancy. That bungling ought to teach you not to attempt delicate—"

"Mes enfants!" said madame. "Don't quarrel."

"I congratulate you on the amiable temper of your daughter, madame," hissed Burleigh, with a lowering brow. "If I had a grudge against the elder De Lancy, I would wish him no worse fate than to marry her. Let us change the subject."

"Agreed," said Laura. "I was talking of a supposed compact. Not to mince matters, I will produce in an hour a very bloodthirsty document signed by de Vastro. I have practiced his signature before. I will show the paper to Inez—who, silly, little thing!—will be frightened out of her wits. I will tell her that you threaten to give this document up to the Brazilian government, and thus bring the doom of death upon de Vastro, unless she consents to marry you. You will burn the document the instant she consents."

"Parbleu, ma fille! you are a capable—"

"Wait. To make assurance doubly sure, I'll manufacture a letter from de Vastro to you, imploring you not to betray him, even offering Inez to you as the price of your silence."

"You're clever, Laure, but your plan won't hold water. Inez is not quite the simpleton you think her," cried Ross. "If her father offered her to me, why should I go to the trouble of carrying her away?"

Laura made a gesture of impatience.

"The police were on your track," she said, in a voice of suppressed impatience. "Was that a time to think of marriage?—when you were obliged to save your liberty and perhaps your life by flight?"

Ross Burleigh laughed long and loud. "By Jove! Laure, you're wonderful! You've more brains than the rest of the family put together."

"The compliment is equivocal," said Laura, tartly. "But I hear Inez stirring in the next room. I must get to work. Some pens and paper, maman."

"Immediately." Madame left the room, and Fadette, her diminutive maid-of-all-work, entered soon after with the writing materials on a tray.

Burleigh wrote a note to the captain of the Gloria, and then went out to arrange for sending the gig back.

Laura's pen flew rapidly over the paper, and she smiled as her Mephistophelian work progressed.

CHAPTER XV.

LEFT TO HER FATE.

It was a bright, sunny fall day. In spite of his dark plan, Ross Burleigh breathed the fresh, exhilarating air with as much pleasure as if he had been wholly innocent of any dark intent.

He stood for a moment gazing up and down the sunlit street. He felt as if his old life had been cast away—lost in the past. Two nights before he had sent the captain's gig back to the Gloria, and he was sure that it could now give no clue to his whereabouts.

A bright, prosperous future spread itself before him. He was no longer Ross Burleigh, the gambler, the brigand, but Ross Burleigh, the possessor of the Sea of Fire, the husband-elect of one of the wealthiest heiresses of Brazil.

Once Inez de Vastro's husband, he could defy the world! The Ruby was valuable, but at present it could not be turned into ready cash. People who could afford to buy such a gem would probably be suspicious, and make inquiries; and men with dubious antecedents, even though apparently secure, never court inquiry.

But Señor de Vastro would forgive all—forget all—the moment he knew that his daughter was his wife. Or, if he neither forgave nor forgot, he would doubtless pay a round sum to free his daughter from the power of an unscrupulous villain.

In either case, money was to be made.

Ross Burleigh rubbed his hands, and chuckled as he thought of Laura's sharpness.

"When things come out all right, I'll do something for that girl," he thought. "But I'll not have her around when I've no further use for her. She likes to carry things with too high a hand."

Burleigh was greatly changed in the outward man. He had visited a tailor and a bootmaker that morning, and he was a gentleman now, at least in exterior.

With his gloves and cane, his faultless boots, light overcoat, and waxed mustache, he made a very distinguished figure indeed, standing on the steps of the gloomy house in Forty-seventh street, and waiting for Fadette to open the door.

Fadette did not come. It was his mother.

"Que vous êtes beau, mon fils!" she exclaimed, admiringly, as she closed the door; but as soon as the hall darkened, she seized his arm. "Show me the Ruby," she said in a determined tone. "I will see it."

"Have I not told you that it is under lock and key—in bank?"

"You have told me so, but it is untrue. Show it instantly, or—"

"You threaten, ma mere?" he said, coolly watching her.

"Yes, I threaten!" she exclaimed, in a low, hissing voice, clutching his arm with both hands, to prevent him from moving. "I—your mother—who have toiled, struggled, hoped for you, ingrate! The stone was your father's. It is now mine of right, for I helped him to gain it from the fool, De Lancy—"

"De Lancy!"

Her passion had carried her too far. She paused an instant; but taking no notice of his exclamation, she continued—

"Yes, I threaten you, Ross Burleigh. Can I not spoil your present plan? Are you not in my power? Answer me!"

"Is it war?" he asked, facing her. "Attempt to betray me, if you dare. Are you so thoroughly ignorant of my nature—"

"Stop!" she cried, releasing him, but placing herself in his way. "You think we are diamond cut diamond. Ma foi! you think you can play cards with me—Annette Burleigh. You deceive yourself, monsieur! Boy, fool, you deceive yourself! Is it that you have ever known me to threaten without the power of fulfilling my threats?"

"Until now, I can't say I have."

"Until now!" her whole figure trembled with anger; she threw up her arms as if trying to express by violent action the words she was powerless to utter. "Know, ingrate, that one word from me could make you rich, powerful, a gentleman. One word from me could give you the birthright of this young De Lancy whom you hate so mortally, even after you have killed him."

"I wish I were certain of his death! I wish him a thousand deaths."

"Are you not certain?"

"No! Confound him—no! There was not time to be certain."

"Listen. A word from me will give you vengeance sweeter than his death. If he is not dead, he will return to find you in possession of his place—you the heir of the De Lancy's, and he himself without name or wealth. Would not such vengeance be sweeter than his death?"

"Infinitely." He stood, half in doubt, half in something akin to fear, looking at her swaying figure and glittering eyes. "Pshaw!" he exclaimed at last. "All this is nonsense!"

"Nonsense!" she repeated. "You are ignorant, boy-fool—you do not know. I, with one word, can give you power, riches, vengeance. I will never speak that word!"

"Explain. Wait, do not go yet! We must not be heard—"

"Will you show me the Ruby?"

He deliberated. From what he knew of his mother, he did not doubt that she would hesitate at no means, however desperate those means might be, to obtain possession of the Ruby, if she were certain that he carried it about him.

Why should she persist in her desire to see it? Was it not sufficient for her to know that he possessed it? It was not a mere woman's caprice that made her so persistent, he said to himself. Once sure that he really possessed the Sea of Fire, no earthly obstacle could prevent her from securing it—that is, if it were not in a safer place than about his person. Of this he felt certain. He, therefore, determined to keep up the fiction of its being in bank.

"You distrust me," she said, with a sneer. "You distrust me, and yet you expect me to trust you. I go, ingrate!"

She put her yellow, wrinkled hand on the knob of the parlor door.

"Stay. I will show you the stone, on condition that you explain the words you have just uttered."

"It is a bargain, then?"

"It is a bargain."

"Produce the gem."

"It is not in my possession. It is in bank."

He uttered the lie with perfect sang froid. The veteran liar was deceived herself.

"To-morrow I will bring it to you."

"To-morrow, then, I will explain."

Trembling with rage and disappointment, she crossed the parlor rapidly, and entered the sitting-room. Her son followed her. In the sitting-room, which was shabby and gaudy, as everything belonging to Madame Bourlé, or Burleigh, seemed to be, Inez de Vastro and Laura Burleigh were engaged in earnest conversation.

Inez, half-kneeling, half-sitting on a low stool, had buried her face in the cushion of an arm-chair. At intervals a despairing sob broke from her, and her voice interrupted the smooth, cold flow of Laura's sentences with words of passionate entreaty.

Inez no longer wore the dainty Spanish dress in which we first saw her. It had been exchanged for a plain robe of black from Laura's wardrobe.

Inez raised her head as Burleigh entered. He was startled by the change in her appearance. Fever had made her face thinner and paler, but only the most acute mental suffering could have thus transformed the sweet, bright face of a girl into that of a suffering, care-worn woman, or could have given those soft black eyes the wild, frightened expression of a hunted doe's.

Laura Burleigh was standing in front of the grief-stricken girl, with one hand resting on the back of the arm-chair; in the other hand she held two papers. One was the compact for the overthrow of the Pará government and the assassination of the officials, drawn up by Laura with consummate skill. Under the last clause of this document was a fac-simile of Señor de Vastro's signature, heading a number of others. The other paper was a note written in imitation of de Vastro's small, angular handwriting, and addressed to Ross Burleigh, entreating him to destroy the compact, offering anything if the latter would but destroy it.

Laura Burleigh had done her part well. On the stage that woman would have made her fortune. She possessed both boldness and tact. To these two qualities she added a thorough knowledge of Inez de Vastro's character. She played as skilfully on the girl's love for her father, as ever did a violinist on his favorite string.

The game was bold—very bold; but Inez was only a girl who in her father's gayer moments had been his plaything, and in his graver ones, his consolation. Of politics in Pará or her father's private affairs, she knew nothing. He might have been engaged in a dozen conspiracies, and she would have known nothing of it. She had heard that conspiracies were dreadful things, that usually ended in death or imprisonment for those engaged in them. The servants had gossiped—Señor de Vastro could have told Inez with truth that it was merely gossip—of their master having been mixed up in the celebrated Revolution of '35, and her old nurse, who liked horrors, had dropped dark hints about the implacable vengeance of the government. Inez had taken alarm, and trembled secretly, while not daring to mention her fears to her father.

Laura Burleigh, as we have seen, had taken advantage of this state of affairs.

This was a terrible day for Inez de Vastro. From the tender, peaceful life she had been leading, she had been suddenly drawn to pass through a succession of events fraught with agony and terror to her; but no event had been more terrible than this—

"Your father's ruin, perhaps death, or a marriage to this crime-stained wretch!"

Those words burned themselves into her brain.

A terrible alternative!

"Choose!" cried Laura Burleigh. "Choose!"

"Give me time! Oh, give me more time!" gasped Inez.

"We have no time to give," said Laura, coldly. "Ross, light the gas."

He obeyed.

"The instant you consent to become his wife, I will burn these papers. You know what I will do with them in case you refuse. Choose!"

Inez, wild and desperate, raised her tear-stained face.

The clangor of the door-bell, pulled by a firm, strong hand, rang through the house.

Laura paused. Inez started to her feet in expectancy, with a prayer upon her lips. Was there yet hope for her? Madame put her finger to her mouth, and bent her head to listen. Ross Burleigh seemed disconcerted by the noise.

A strong, clear voice was heard asking for Mr. Burleigh.

Inez's heart bounded at the sound. She had heard that voice before.

Fadette was heard to stammer something in reply.

There followed the sound of quickly-advancing steps. The door flew open, and Felix Brierwood stood confronting madame and her son.

He turned scornfully from them, and moved toward Inez.

"I have come to save you, señorita," he said, offering her his arm, which she took passively, yet with a thrill of joy. "I have kept my promise. Trust me. I am your friend."

"That lady, sir," said Ross Burleigh, stepping between them and the door, "needs no other friend than her husband."

"This lady, sir," said Brierwood, "needs a friend to save her from you, scoundrel! You her husband! That game is played out. Stand back!"

"Madame," said Burleigh, turning to Inez, his face darkening, "am I not your husband?"

Felix looked at her. The gaze of those true blue eyes gave her courage.

"No!" she cried, boldly. "You are not my husband. I swear it!"

There was dead silence. Laura folded up the compact.

The rustling of the paper made Inez shiver.

"Leave me," she said, sinking down in her old position on the low stool. "Leave me! I will never forget you—I will think of you—I will pray for you, but leave me, for I am lost. I must become that man's wife."

Her words sunk into a low, despairing moan.

"You hear her?" Laura said, turning to Felix.

He looked from her to Inez in startled amazement.

"Wait!" cried Inez, turning to Brierwood, and then advancing to Burleigh. "Wait! You will be my witness, so that they cannot cheat me! I promise, Señor Burleigh, to be your wife. Burn the papers, Laura Burleigh!"

The forged note and compact floated in feathery gray ashes to the floor.

"Now, monsieur, I hope you will end your intrusion," said madame.

With a last, long look at Inez—a look which said courage as plainly as a look could, Felix bowed and withdrew.

As soon as he had left the room, the Burleighs consulted. To-morrow should be the wedding-day, it was agreed, and immediately after that, Laura, Ross and his bride, should leave Forty-seventh street.

When evening came, Ross and Laura went out, leaving madame on guard.

Inez lay on the sofa, sobbing and moaning. Prayer came to her, and then hope. After while she grew calmer, although the whole world seemed to have left her to her fate.

CHAPTER XVI.

THEIR GOOD FAIRY.

As Felix was leaving, he met Fadette in the hall. She looked pale and scared.

"Oh, monsieur!" she said, in a plaintive voice, "why did you rush into the room in spite of me? Madame will be so angry. She commanded me not to admit anybody."

He stopped and looked down into the pale face of the little girl.

"She looks honest," he thought. "I can trust her."

"Little girl," he said, "I am sure there's an infernal plot going on in this house against Señorita de Vastro."

"I do not comprehend, monsieur," said Fadette, nervously turning the knob of the parlor door, as if she meditated flight. "My name is Fadette," she said, as if to assert her dignity. "I do the work for madame and the lodgers on the third floor."

"You!" he said, amused in spite of himself by her assumption of womanliness. "Have you no mother, child?"

"No," said Fadette. "Madame took me from the asylum."

"An orphan? Ah, I know what that is! But this is no place for talking. The people in the sitting-room might hear us. It is dark; madame can not see you, and you can walk with me to the next block. I want your help in something."

Fadette hesitated.

"What do you want?" she asked, still fumbling with the knob.

"I want you to do a good act, Fadette. I want you to save a young girl from the clutches of those demons in there."

Touched by the earnestness of his manner and tones, Fadette took his offered hand, and walked into the street with him.

"Is it the pale, pretty, foreign lady of whom monsieur spoke?" asked Fadette, timidly.

"Yes, Fadette. That man—Burleigh—has torn her away from home. She is very wretched, Fadette, because he is going to marry her."

"I know nothing," said Fadette. "Madame tells me nothing, except 'Attend to the pot au feu, Fadette,' or 'Go to the door, Fadette;' and now that there are lodgers up-stairs, I have no time to listen at the keyholes," Fadette added with solemn simplicity.

"Well, Fadette, I will not ask you to listen at the keyholes, but I would like very much to listen myself. Señorita de Vastro has consented to marry Burleigh, but I am sure they have forced her to it by foul means."

"The poor, young lady weeps and moans all day. I made her some tisane yesterday—as my grandmother used to make far, far away in Brittany—it is so good, monsieur, and the poor lady thanked me so sweetly, monsieur. She is gentle and good—la belle demoiselle! I will help you, monsieur, for I love not madame's son with the cruel eyes."

"Fadette," said Felix, "you will never regret having helped me. I must know what the plot is before I can act. How can I find it out?"

They had reached the corner of the street. Fadette halted in silence.

"I know, monsieur," she said at last. "You shall hide this evening in the little kitchen. We use it in winter only; the furnace is out in the shed. I sleep in the little kitchen at night, and nobody enters it but me. I will wash up-stairs for the lodgers this evening, and you shall have it all to yourself."

"But can I hear or see?"

"Oh, yes! If monsieur leaves the door ajar he can see and hear plainly, for there is but a short passage between the little kitchen and the sitting-room."

"But if they do not happen to be in the sitting-room!"

"It will be more difficult."

"Are there many rooms in the house?"

"Many. Of which madame rents those three on the first floor, and since her son has come, she has taken three on the second; but when they talk together it is either in the parlor or sitting-room."

"You will let me in, Fadette?"

"Return in an hour, monsieur. I will manage it. Au revoir!"

And the little figure fled, with its long, check apron floating behind it.

"Poor little Fadette," thought Felix; "what a hard, weary life she must lead!"

In spite of his motive, Felix could scarcely bring himself to return to the house in Forty-seventh street at the appointed hour. The work of eavesdropping was altogether abhorrent to his nature. The thought of putting himself deliberately in the way of overhearing the unconscious conversation of others, disgusted him.

He was firmly determined to save Inez at all risks; yet he was rather shamefaced and half-inclined to draw back when Fadette answered his ring.

"Hush!" said the little maid. "Speak softly, walk softly. The son and daughter have gone to the theatre; madame and the young lady are in the sitting-room."

"All right, Fadette."

"I will come to you now and then, to see if you want to go out. Come. This way."

She led him from the hall into a side passage.

"Who rang?" cried madame's voice.

"A gentleman—but not for you, madame," answered Fadette.

Madame doubtless concluded that it was a visitor for another tenant, for she asked no more questions.

In a short time Felix found himself seated in the tiny apartment that Fadette called the "little kitchen." It seemed to be used as a receptacle for odds and ends, Felix thought, judging from the various knocks he received on the head and shins from projecting implements. Fadette led him through the darkness to a chair. Then she pushed open the door—not the one by which they had entered—that led into the passage from the hall, while this opened on the narrow corridor which stretched between the kitchen and the sitting-room.

The sitting-room was lighted brightly, while the small kitchen was in utter darkness. The door of the kitchen was almost opposite that of the sitting-room, and from his "coign of vantage," Felix had a full view of madame, who sat in a large rocking-chair, and a partial view of Inez, who still lay upon the sofa.

"I'll return soon," said Fadette, gliding away. "Don't make a noise, please."

It was a great disappointment to Felix to discover that neither Ross Burleigh nor his sister was at home. They being absent, he could not expect to overhear anything of importance.

Madame, in a much-ruffled black silk and her gorgeous purple head-dress, was seated near a small table, on which was her snuff-box and bonbonniere. She was reading a paper-covered book—probably a novel, to judge from her complete absorption in its pages.

Felix could see Inez's white face but dimly, for the shade on madame's reading-lamp prevented the light from falling full upon it.

Would it be possible to speak to Inez herself? His heart leaped and his face flushed at the thought.

Oh, that madame would go to sleep!

There was no sign of a somnolent propensity on madame's part, however. The rocking-chair still moved to and fro, and madame alternately refreshed herself from the snuff-box and bonbonniere.

Stealthily Felix took out his watch, and brought its face into the line of light that fell through the kitchen-door. It was nine o'clock. Burleigh and his sister would probably return in about two hours.

With his heart in his mouth, as the phrase goes, Felix anxiously waited and watched. Would that horrible old woman never go to sleep? If that book were only like some other books, she would have been snoring a long time ago.

Yes, her head was drooping at last!

But she struggled against the influence of the drowsy god, and turned another page.

Felix could hardly keep still.

The purple-ribboned head drooped again. The motion of the rocking-chair grew slower and slower. A faint nasal sound proceeded from madame, becoming deeper and deeper.

"Señorita de Vastro!" sibillated Felix, bending forward.

This was premature. Inez raised her head, but so did madame. The latter became bolt upright in an instant, and cast a glance around.

"Bébi," she said, sharply, addressing the astonished parrot. "Ne parle—ta pas!"

And then her head sunk again, and the nasal trumpeting began.

Felix waited longer this time.

He arose, keeping in the shadow as much as possible. He dared not venture into the light that fell through the door of the sitting-room into the passage.

"Señorita de Vastro! Inez!" he whispered in his excitement. "Inez!"

Inez bent toward the doorway, listening intently.

"It is a friend—it is Felix Brierwood. He has not deserted you. He wants but a word from you! Come!"

Inez arose, and moved forward softly; but the sound of her movement aroused madame, who glanced at her inquiringly. Inez did not falter or draw back.

"I am going to bed, madame," she said, moving toward the door.

"Eh!" said madame. "I will attend you; but no—I am fatigued. Fadette! Fadette!"

Fadette came running down-stairs, her sleeves rolled up, wiping her wet hands on the long, check apron.

"Show the lady to her room," said madame, "and," lowering her voice, "lock it, and bring me the key. She is not right in her head, you know, Fadette. Take the candle."

"Oui, madame."

And Fadette and Inez came out into the passage, Fadette—thoughtful Fadette—closing the door after her.

They were not in darkness in the passage, however, for Fadette held the lighted candle.

Felix stepped from his hiding-place, to speak to Inez; but Fadette put her finger to her lips, and pointed warningly toward madame. She then put her ear to the keyhole, and smiled when madame's snoring recommenced.

"Now," she said, standing with her back against the door.

"We have no time for superfluous conversation," Felix said. "Excuse me, then, señorita, if I ask a straightforward question."

"Talking is useless now," Inez said, wearily, but with a faint color tinging her face. "I must be left to my fate."

"You must not, señorita. I will save you—even from yourself!"

"Not so loud!" whispered Fadette.

"Fadette! Fadette!" screamed madame. "Don't be losing your time in that kitchen, Fadette. Go to your work, coquine!"

"One must have soap for one's washing!" screamed Fadette in return.

There was silence until again sounded

the unmistakable tokens of madame's slumber.

"Why have you consented to marry Ross Burleigh? the double-dyed villain that you know him to be!"

"I do not care to enter upon the subject; but you have been so kind to me—so good, and I cannot refuse to answer you."

And she told as briefly as possible the story of the compact.

Fadette listened in open-mouthed curiosity, and her tears nearly extinguished the candle, as Inez said a low, sobbing tone—

"To-morrow I will keep my promise—to-morrow I will become his—his wife!"

"Señorita, this is absurd," broke in Felix, eagerly. "Come with me! Leave this accursed house!"

Inez drew herself up proudly.

"I have promised."

"A forced promise!"

"Señor Brierwood, do not tempt me. Burleigh has performed his part of the bargain by burning the paper; can I, in honor, fail to perform mine?"

"But it is absurd, I tell you! I know your father, señorita—not intimately, it is true—but well enough to understand his character. He is the last man to sign such a compact. You ought to know him better."

"I saw his signature."

"Are you certain it was his?"

"Alas, señor, I have seen it too often to mistake."

"You might, though. There are such things as forgeries, and Ross Burleigh is as unscrupulous as—"

"Le diable!" interrupted Fadette, nodding in cordial assent. "I know. He has cruel eyes."

"And do you think those papers could be forgeries?" Inez asked, with a slight feeling of hope.

"I do think so—emphatically! Why, señorita, it would be suicide for your father to conspire against the government. His interest is inextricably bound up with that of the province. He is rich. What would he gain by a revolution? Nothing. He would lose."

Inez's face became thoughtful.

Felix saw his advantage.

"Wait. Your promise does not bind you to marry him at any particular time. Your father will surely come in search of you. Do nothing until he comes. Señorita, I could swear that the compact and the note were forgeries!"

"You may be right," she said, her whole face brightening. "Yes, I feel that you are right. These wretches would find it but too easy to deceive me—an ignorant, inexperienced girl! I will trust you! Take me away from this place—oh, take me away!"

And she shuddered, as she looked around the walls that had stood between her and freedom during the last few days of agony.

"Fadette," said Felix, his voice trembling with the joy of the moment, "get a cloak, a shawl—something for the señorita to wear."

"And, Fadette, you must come too. You have been kind to me. I will not leave you with these people," said Inez.

"Instantly!"

Fadette darted off, returning in a few seconds with a large water-proof cloak, and a small bundle of her own tied up in the check apron.

"I am so rejoiced!" she whispered, with a relieved sigh. "I could dance! I could dance! I could sing!" And she arranged the cloak upon Inez. "I like not madame! I like not the cruel-eyed man!"

Fadette led the way to the front door. Inez, taking Felix's arm, followed her, trembling at every step.

Fadette opened the door, and let the two out. Then she made a low courtesy, and kissed her hand in the direction of the sitting-room.

"Au revoir, madame," she said, "but when we meet again, I hope it may not be after death."

"Fadette!" said Inez, chidingly.

"Forgive me, mademoiselle; but I have no desire to go where people of her stamp go."

"Fadette is incorrigible, but she is our good fairy," said Felix. "We must find a cab."

The trio were near the corner of the street.

"There is one!" cried Fadette, and she hailed it in her shrill, childish voice.

It did not stop, but drove past them. Its lamps were lit, and a gleam from one of them fell on the face of a person inside.

Inez drew back with a stifled scream. The man inside the cab was Ross Burleigh!

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 30.)

News of High Life.

The Washington correspondent of the Courier-Journal writes:

Miss Grant's marriage to Mr. Sartoris is fixed for October next. Mr. Sartoris is the son of Adelaide Kemble, and nephew to Fanny Kemble Butler. The young man travelled with Miss Grant upon her return from Europe, more than three years ago. He did not declare his love at that time, but went West on his journey.

Happening to be in St. Louis when the president visited there last spring, and witnessing the homage that was paid him on that occasion, it seemed to dawn upon the mind of the young man that the daughter of the American president was not altogether undesirable. He made known his intentions to the young lady's father, who rejected him on account of the want of fortune on both sides; for, said the president, my daughter possesses no dowry, and he might have added that our republican form of government forbids a salary being voted by Congress when a member of the royal family marries.

For a time all negotiations were suspended, but an accident to the oldest son and heir removed all impediments, and as Sartoris's pere recovered from the shock of his eldest son's death (which was caused by his being thrown from his horse,) he wrote to the president and said that Miss Nellie's adorer could now support her comfortably on forty thousand dollars a year. This produced a revulsion, and after a few preliminaries the engagement took place and was announced. I am told that the Sartoris house, near London, is the resort of all authors, artists and celebrities.

An Englishman's Opinion of American Cities.

Mr. Charles Reed, M. P., writes of American cities thus: "The great cities are very unlike each other, and pre-eminence is claimed by the partisans of each. Boston is to the genuine Yankee as great as is Chicago to the newly-arrived adventurer, and even Brooklyn people appear to look down upon New York. Upon the whole, I prefer Philadelphia; it is a charming city, and as the centre of Pennsylvania, it is worthy of the old settlement. Its pure marble, its house for every artisan, its noble park, its street arrangements, make it a most attractive place; and having regard to its peculiar adaptation, the wonder is that the seat of government was ever fixed at Washington."

A PROPOSAL.

Black lashes rise,
And dark-blue eyes
With half surprise
Look shyly out.
The red lips part,
Quick throbs the heart,
The blushes start
Along her cheek,
The lashes fall
At love's first call
Her heart-blood all
Burns in her face.
I bend above,
And whisper: "Love?"
My trembling dove
Soft murmurs: "Yes."

MILES CHRISTIAN.

DAVY CROCKETT ON THE TRACK;

OR,

The Cave of the Counterfeiters.

BY FRANK CARROLL,

AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF GLENDALE," "JOHN PASSMORE'S PLOT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

A LAST CHANCE.

The main villain had escaped. The lesser villains were speedily bound hand and foot, and placed in the hold of the vessel, beyond the hope of escape.

Rob Gordon was too much overcome with anguish at the discovery of the disappearance of his betrothed to be fit for aught save silent brooding. His first impulse had been to be put ashore and to recommence his search through the woods for the lost lady of his love.

But this was just now impossible. Two of the men had taken the Dart and gone in pursuit of the small boat, which had been allowed to float down the river after the landing of Rob and his companions.

It was therefore impossible to leave the yacht just then. Tom improved the opportunity to represent to his friend the uselessness of his purpose, and the great improbability of his making any discovery at such an hour of the night.

She was, no doubt, far beyond their reach, in some other stronghold of the villains, and it would need the fullest command of their wits, and all the advantages of daylight, to get the better of their shrewd enemies.

But, he continued, they had already tracked them through all their schemes, and would track them through this.

These considerations somewhat calmed Rob, though he still burned with strong anxiety. He consented to remain on the vessel till morning, seeing plainly the hopelessness of a night search.

The yacht was speedily brought back to her anchoring place. She was supplied with a second anchor, which was dropped very nearly where the other anchor and chain lay coiled on the bottom.

"You see," said Tom, in advising this movement, "it weren't for nothing that they was anchored here, and come back here after our chase. There's a plan to take some fellers off here. Leastways that's my notion. Now what's to hinder us from taking them off, that's what I'd like to know?"

"Suppose they should be too strong for us, and take us off instead," said the owner of the Dart.

"We don't deal in no s'poses," said Tom. "This here's our craft jest now. There's eight good men of us, and if we can git them aboard by some circumvention we're good for a dozen."

"That's sound logic, Tom. Honest men ought to be ready to take some odds. What's more there's a strip of water to be crossed, and we've got to provide the boat. We can do as we please about that."

"Jest so. You fellers get the craft back, while I go below and have a chat with them rascals down-stairs."

Tom's interview with the prisoners, in which threats and promises were about equally mingled, elicited the important fact that they did expect to take a party off the land, and that this was the appointed anchorage.

Further than this they knew nothing, or pretended ignorance. He failed to get from them the number of persons expected, or the signal, if any, by which they would announce their approach.

For an hour the yacht lay quietly tugging at her cable, while her new crew were scattered in various attitudes of ease about the deck, with very little display of vigilance.

Rob sat in the cabin alone, his face buried in his hands, giving way to a depression of spirits which he could not overcome. All his efforts had proved so vain, the future looked so dark before him, the hope of rescuing his betrothed from the hands of her abductors so slight, that despair was beginning to take the place of his native hopefulness, and to break his strong young spirit.

Through all his grief a sound from the woods near by attracted his attention. The peculiar scream of the screech owl rang out loudly on the night air.

He raised his head and listened intently as it was repeated, apparently not far within the woods. Those on deck had not attended to the sound, but lay idly conversing, or drowsing. Tom alone showed any signs of vigilance, and he was the first to leap to his feet on a third repetition of the peculiar cry, this time from the deck near him.

"Down! Don't let your heads be seen!" said a low, but excited voice, recognized as that of Rob.

"What's up?" asked Tom, as he crouched to the deck.

"There's a signal from the shore, which I have just answered," said Rob. "There are no screech owls about here, and that was not a very good imitation. It was a man made that cry, and I have given it back at a venture. Keep low now, and let us see what turns up."

All the late depression of the speaker was gone. He was now ardent with energy and excitement, and full of hope of adding to their prisoners another portion of the gang of villains. Each new prisoner increased the chances of learning their haunts, and of discovering the whereabouts of Maggie.

Tom now suddenly plunged below, and presently returned, bringing with him the steersman of the yacht, whom he had noticed to lack courage.

Laying him, still bound, like a log on the deck, he presented a pistol to his ear, threatening to blow his brains out, unless he returned proper replies to any questions asked or signals given.

"Ahoy, the yacht!" suddenly cried a voice from the neighboring shore.

"Answer," whispered Tom, touching the cold muzzle to his cheek.

"Ahoy, the shore!" cried the trembling voice of Tom's prisoner.

"What's the best word?"

"All serene."

"Drop us a boat then, and quick as thunder, for it's hot travelling here, about now."

A whispered consultation took place on board the yacht. It was considered best to send the small boat ashore, not only as belonging to the vessel, but because only a few persons could come off in it at once. These could be secured on reaching the deck.

If the process of securing them should alarm those on shore there was no help for it. It was the only available plan.

The owner of the Dart volunteered to undertake the dangerous task of taking the boat ashore. If the deception was discovered it might prove fatal to him, but no such fear deterred him.

"Wake up there," cried the impatient voice ashore. "Are you waiting for us to jump over and swim out?"

"All right," said the prisoner, admonished by Tom. "The boat will be there in a minute."

The light craft alluded to at that instant passed round the stern of the yacht, and was pulled vigorously shoreward, leaving the Dart concealed behind the vessel.

Rob alone stood up, the others continuing to crouch. It was, just then, rather dark, a thin cloud shrouding the moon. The shadowy aspect of the night contributed greatly to the success of their stratagem.

"She is leaving the shore," said Rob, in a low voice, nervously clutching his rifle. "Be ready, men. Take them as soon as they touch the deck. Not too soon though. Let them all come aboard first."

"How many are there?" asked Tom.

"Three—no, four I should think. She is sunk to the rowlocks with the weight."

"There's something they don't like ashore. Mebbe Crockett and the rest's after them."

"Hush! they are close in."

These last words were spoken in a loud whisper, and Rob bent down, so that only the upper part of his body was visible.

The sturdy arms of the rower soon accomplished the remaining distance, and in a minute more the boat lightly grated against the side.

The oarsman at once sprang aboard, fastening the boat to the vessel's side by a quick turn of the rope which he carried in his hand.

The two foremost men were not long in following, greatly lightening the small craft, in which two figures remained.

One of these was already on his feet, and had stepped forward to the bow of the boat, when a loud, involuntary cry broke from the lips of Rob.

Dim as was the light, his quick eye had recognized in the figure yet seated the form and face of her he loved.

At the same instant, by a premature movement, several of the concealed men rose, and in a moment the two men who had boarded the yacht were prisoners, in hands too strong for them to escape from.

A vigorous grasp at their throats prevented any alarm being given. But Rob's cry and the confusion on board caused the third man to pause in his progress forward.

His indecision was but for an instant. Instead of stepping on deck, he drew, by a quick movement, a long-bladed knife, and severed the rope that bound the two craft together.

The strong downward current instantly took the boat from the side of the yacht, and she swept rapidly down stream.

Tom, leaving the prisoner he held to the hands of the others, leaped like a panther into the Dart, crying—

"In here, Rob. We'll fetch them up afore they're ten yards."

But Rob, grasping his rifle, had run quickly astern.

"Bring back that boat!" he cried, "or you are a dead man!"

The other replied with a laugh of derision. Rob flung the rifle hastily to his shoulder and pulled the trigger. A flash in the pan was the only result.

He flung the weapon to the deck with a curse, while the loud, derisive laugh of the other again rang out.

"You didn't build on bringing Jack Henderson down with a bullet?" he cried. "You might as well have saved powder. There ain't that bit of lead in the States that can wing me."

He grasped an oar as he spoke, and using it paddle fashion, rapidly added to the distance.

Tom, impatient of waiting for Rob, had cast off the Dart, and, with one companion, was engaged in setting her sail, as she glided past the stern of the larger vessel.

But the lover was not to be so easily foiled. Running forward, he seized a rifle which one of the men handed him, and sped with a quick step back to his former post.

Short as was the time that had intervened, the boat was now fully fifty yards distant, and a shot at that distance, in the dim light that then ruled, was a very doubtful effort.

The moon was entirely hidden, only the faintest glow breaking through the clouds, and the form of the fugitive was but dimly visible.

Between him and the marksman sat the form of Maggie Campbell, and he would rather have turned the weapon against his own breast than have done her the slightest injury.

But this was Rob Gordon, the crack shot of the whole region, after leaving out Davy Crockett. And this was the most eventful moment of all his life. The long and exciting chase in which he had been engaged hung now in the balance between success and failure. His betrothed was being borne off before his eyes, by a confederate of the villain who had already so baffled his pursuit.

The question of success seemed to hang on this one chance. He was not aware that the Dart was in pursuit. A quick finger, and an eye that could pierce the darkness, were the only hopes that remained to him of rescuing his stolen love.

Firm as a rock he stood. The rifle rose quickly but steadily to his shoulder. An instant only his eye glanced along the sights. Then a keen, quick report broke through the silence of the night.

All on board were waiting with intense anxiety the effect of this almost hopeless shot, and a sound that was almost a shout broke from their lips as a cry of pain came from the boat, and the tall, scarce-visible form in its centre swayed and fell.

Rob dropped the rifle, and ran to the side of the yacht.

"Where is the Dart?" he cried.

"Yonder she goes," was the reply. "Tom is out in her. You've pinked your bird, and he'll bring home the game—and there was never a better shot made in Tennessee."

"I could not have missed him if it had been pitch dark," was the quiet reply. "I am sorry but for one thing, that it was not the villain who carried her off."

"It's a greater villain," said the owner of the Dart. "You have done for Jack Henderson, and the whole country is your debtor for that."

It was not long before the Dart returned. Henderson had probably received a fatal wound. He had fallen overboard, and no trace of his body was to be seen.

But Rob, with a heart throbbing with happiness, lifted from the boat the form of his beloved Maggie, her face glowing with love and joy at her escape, and led her quickly below into the cabin, to hide their mutual transport from the eyes of the colder-hearted lookers-on.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE LAST BIRD WINGED.

About midnight the yacht, having the Dart in tow, rounded in to the wharf at Brownstown. Her crew stepped at once ashore, taking their prisoners with them. These were quickly incarcerated in a strong room in a building that served as a sort of temporary jail, and a guard set to watch them.

They did not need extensive jail accommodations at Brownstown, as the course of justice there was proverbially rapid, and execution followed without delay on sentence.

Rob escorted Maggie at once to the hotel, which was still open. Two happier hearts than theirs pulsed not under that September night, and many a soft word was spoken, and many a kiss stolen and returned, under the sheltering canopy of night, during their rather long passage through the silent streets of the town.

On entering the inn they found themselves in the presence of most of those from whom they had lately parted, these having had time to dispose of their prisoners and reach the hotel during the slow progress of the lovers.

They found also two other familiar faces, that of Rob's brother, Ned Gordon, and that of Davy Crockett. The latter, however, could hardly be called familiar, as it was half-covered with stripe of plaster, and presented a decidedly dilapidated appearance.

"Why, Davy, what have you been doing?" was Rob's first exclamation. "I never saw you have such a face."

"My face is a good deal the best of me," Davy replied. "I had a little brush with a catamount, and got scratched a bit, that's all. I done for the infernal cat though, that's some satisfaction."

Congratulations on their success followed, and Maggie was hugged in the strong arms of Crockett with a vigor that might have excited the jealousy of the lover had it been any one else.

"Now, little gal, you'd better git to bed," said the hunter. "You must be nearly fagged out."

"Not half so much as yourself," she replied. "You must all need sleep badly."

"That's a fact, Maggie. But our night's work isn't quite through yet. There's one more of these birds on the wing, and we've got to bring him down afore we think of sleeping."

"Which one is that?" she anxiously asked.

"It's the rascally, black-faced varmint that run away with you. Don't git pale, gal, we've got him treed, and have only got to lay our hands on him."

"Where is he?" cried Rob. "He sprang overboard from the yacht, and escaped us by swimming under water."

"Ned here struck his trail, and treed him in a shanty in this town. We've only got to post a line about it, and then jist knock at the door and ax him out."

"I fear that it will prove a perilous undertaking," said Maggie, anxiously. "He is a strong and terrible man."

"Jist so. And so are we strong and terrible men. I've fit a painter not two hours ago, and all that's left of the critter lays back yander, 'longside of poor old Whirlwind. A man that licked such a varmint, hand to hand, or rayther hand to claws, needn't be afeard of any two-legged critter. I don't want to brag, Maggie, but you can jist go to sleep quiet."

"You have been in too much danger already on my account. Let this man go. He cannot harm me again."

"Bless you, gal, don't you know I've always got to pepper my meat with a spice of danger afore I can eat it? And there's no safety for you while this hound's above ground. If you can't sleep, jist keep quiet here with Rob till we root out the last of the rats."

"No, no," cried Rob. "I must have a hand in this affair. I have vowed revenge on the villain who has caused so much misery to my poor girl here,"—and he warmly pressed Maggie's hand—"and I will leave it to no one else to do. As for you, Davy, you are a subject for the doctor, rather than in condition for an expedition like this."

"The doctor! I'd kick the doctor out of doors that poked his nose near me. I'm a bit stiff though, and reckon I'll let you younger fellows manage this job. I'll sit in the porch here and keep the gal in spirits while you are routing out the vagrant. Now don't be setting your pretty mouth to grumble, Maggie. I'm a better looking man than Rob Gordon."

"I fear that this desperate man will—"

"He won't do nothing, gal. They're ten to one. He ain't got the chance a coon has after Betsy opens her mouth. Rob's run a bigger risk in the woods fifty times, and you a-sleeping quiet. Go ahead, boys, and fetch your bird in. We'll wait here for fifteen minutes. That's all you want."

Crockett kept up a voluble chat after the others had departed, seeking to keep her from too great anxiety. He only partly succeeded. She could not drive from her mind all fears for the safety of her lover.

The time slowly slipped by. The fifteen minutes given by Crockett expired, and yet no sound. But what was that confused noise—that sharp report—that medley of voices?

Davy felt involuntarily for his rifle. It was not in its usual place. He hastily rose and picked it up where he had left it leaning against the front of the house.

"I always like to have my fingers on Betsy in spells like these," he said, laughing. "Nobody knows when she may be axed to speak up for herself."

"What did that shot mean?" asked Maggie, trembling with apprehension.

"It meant that somebody pulled a trigger," said Crockett. "Come, gal, this ain't yourself. You was always brave enough, and you mustn't turn coward now. I didn't know you had nerves afore."

Any answer was prevented by a person who came running down the street. The moon was now shining brightly, and every object could be distinctly seen.

"What's to pay?" asked Crockett, shortly, of the new comer.

"The fellow broke loose. He put a bullet in poor Joe Smith, and jumped out the winder. We had a line laid, but he got through it somehow. They're all after him, Rob on the lead. I reckon he'll turn this way—and I run down here to head him off."

The sounds of pursuit were now audible at no great distance. The fugitive had evidently taken a course through the southward streets of the town, and was now curving to the north, as if with the purpose of taking to the woods, which could be easily reached in this direction.

Maggie rose, with wildly throbbing heart and flaming cheek, and advanced to the front of the porch, looking eagerly down the street. Crockett stood on the stone step leading to the porch, gazing in the same direction.

Suddenly a figure broke into view, full two hundred yards down the street. He emerged from a narrow lane that crossed the main street at that point.

Instead of continuing his course, he crouched down in the shadows of the fence.

"Rob Gordon!" cried the man who stood below.

"Is that all your eyes are good for?" asked Davy, contemptuously. "It's our game. Yander comes Rob."

A light, lithe figure appeared and ran, without pausing, across the street, entering the lane on the opposite side.

"Doubled on him, by all that's rascally!" cried Crockett, in a vexed tone, involuntarily extending his rifle. "Ha! what's that?"

The fugitive had reappeared in the street, and was on the point of levelling a rifle at his unconscious pursuer.

A quick, wild scream from Maggie showed her consciousness of the imminent danger of her lover. She sprang impulsively from the porch to the ground. Further action was hindered by the movements of the hunter, on whom her eyes became fixed with a glance of fascination.

With lightning-like rapidity he had flung his rifle to his shoulder, and stood, for a single instant, as if carved in stone. The hand of art had never fashioned a nobler statue than he appeared at that moment.

Never had the renowned hunter essayed a more risky shot. The distance was over rather than under two hundred yards. Though the moon shone brightly it was no daylight lustre, the figure was only fairly visible, not clearly defined. He was, in fact, partly in the shadow of a tree that grew beside the street. Lastly there was not an instant to lose. It was a question of quickness between the two shots.

Only the confidence of the fugitive in his scheme, and a moment's delay to get a deadly aim, saved Rob Gordon from death.

Not an instant did Crockett hesitate. The lifting of the rifle to his shoulder and the sharp crack of the weapon seemed simultaneous. A volley of flame gushed from its iron lips, as all their eyes turned in intense anxiety toward the fugitive.

The keen eye of the hunter noticed his rifle twitch upward, at the instant of its discharge. He was observed to stagger, dropping the weapon, and in a moment more to fall heavily to the ground.

"Don't be afeard, Maggie," said Davy, as a cry of dread escaped her lips. "Rob's all safe. That bullet went ten feet over his head. And your black-whiskered friend won't carry off any more gals. He's settled for life."

The frightened and impulsive girl was already flying hastily down the street, heedless of Crockett's words, when her lover reappeared.

At the same time a number of the other pursuers came into sight.

Crockett was right. The villain lay dead in the centre of the street, with a bullet hole through his brain.

Praises and congratulations were profusely poured upon the hunter for his remarkable shot, but he modestly disclaimed anything unusual in his marksmanship.

"You see, boys, it were impossible to miss jest then. I could as soon have missed a bar if I'd seen him chawing Whirlwind to pieces. Well, that winds up the hounds. This makes three of the ringleaders that has gone under, and there's four of the chaps under lock and key. I think we can go to sleep now, and be glad we're varmints."

They were certainly all in prime condition for slumber. Hardy as they were, their labors that day and night had tried them severely, and the soundest of sleep soon had them all clasped in its embrace.

We may hasten to conclude our record of these exciting events. The evidence of Crockett's companions in the cave satisfied the officers of the truth of Ned Gordon's story. The gold was obtained next day, and the mode of discovery of the coin and bag testified to before a magistrate.

There was no clear proof that any of the present prisoners had any connection with the bank robbery. It was deemed best to try them for counterfeiting, and the officers returned to Louisville with the coin, and the affidavits of its finders. The counterfeiters were ultimately convicted and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment.

Whirlwind proved to be not vitally injured. He was soon nursed back to strength and was ready for active work again almost as soon as his master. Many a coon did he tree, many a bear help to pull down, after that eventful fight.

Crockett had the panther skin stuffed and set up as a memento of one of the hardest fights for his life which any wild animal had ever given him.

As for Ned Gordon, he had seen enough of the ways of mankind in the cities, and of the perils of banking institutions. He settled down in his native region, and became, in time, a hunter of note, under the leadership of his friend, Davy Crockett.

Not many months after the events narrated a wedding took place that was long remembered as one of the rarest occasions that had ever called the backwoodsmen together.

Rob Gordon and Maggie Campbell were made one, and the dancing and feasting that accompanied the hymeneal event brought together the choicest souls of all the district round. One day and night were not half long enough for the feast and hilarity. It stretched on unabated until deep into the next night.

Davy Crockett had supplied the feast with an unlimited amount of bear and deer meat, the fruit of his own rifle.

There was no more jovial and untiring soul present than the renowned hunter. On at length taking his leave, kissing the fair bride and warmly pressing the hand of the bridegroom, he said,

"There's a bit of advice I want to give you, Rob, now that you're taking up a new sort of life. It's not a dozen words, but if I'd talk an hour I couldn't say any more."

"I'll be glad to have it," said Rob. "What is it?"

"Be always sure you're right, then go ahead."

THE END.

Shakespeare's Women.

Shakespeare's women convey some of the finest and profoundest of philosophic truths; but he never drew a professed philosophress—a female philosopher. Shakespeare's women never sit down to philosophise, are never pragmatical philosophers; but from their lips flow sentiments of loving wisdom, out of the depths of their own sweet natures, and as the mere necessary effects of their own purity and rectitude. They are wise because they are good; they are clear-seeing because they are high-minded; their judgment is a part of their right heart. Womanly generosity gives them noble views, womanly delicacy gives them refined ideas. We see in nature many instances of gentle disposition supplying tact and understanding. There are some people with such sweet-natured hearts that these put fine inspirations into their minds, and produce ideas which seem the growth of a noble intellect.

Some Anecdotes of Tom Marshall.

In 1854 Tom Marshall ran for Congress against Garrett Davis, by whom he was beaten; Mr. Davis being a zealous friend of Mr. Clay's, and "a very reliable man," as Mr. Clay himself once significantly said to a political friend whom he suspected of personal defection, so emphasizing the expression as delicately to appraise the individual that "Old Hal" considered him anything but "reliable." Marshall, having separated from the whigs on the question of the annexation of Texas, and voted for Polk, was kept on the defensive throughout the canvass, the result showing that the people did not hold his defence satisfactory. Yet all acknowledged the superlative force and brilliancy with which he made it. He never afterward stood for Congress. The next year, the Mexican war having broken out, Marshall raised a company of cavalry, of which he was chosen captain, and which he led to the theatre of war. It was his misfortune not to have an opportunity of displaying in the field his unquestioned gallantry. On his return from Mexico, he spent much of his time in Lexington, where his friend and kinsman, the distinguished Dr. Robert J. Breckenridge, was then settled in the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church, having lately returned from a long residence in the Middle States, in which he had achieved renown as a preacher and theologian. Breckenridge and Marshall, besides being kinsmen, had been schoolboys together, under the tuition of Marshall's father, and were as intimate as men of such different habits could be. For several years, moreover, they had been members of the same bar, and trod together the same path of fame, which, according to Marshall, they had both rather suddenly forsaken—"Bob," as he used to say, in after days, "taking to the Bible, and I to the bottle; and the world says I have stuck to my text a good deal closer than he has to his." Tom seems never to have been very deeply impressed with the vital piety of his eminent relative. Dr. Breckenridge once assailed the venerable Robert Wickliffe in an extremely bitter speech, winding up substantially as follows: "And, hoary-headed slanderer and sinner as he is, may the Lord forgive him, as I sincerely do this day." When Tom read this, he said to the Rev. Joseph J. Bullock, who married Breckenridge's niece: "Joe, if the Lord forgives old Bob Wickliffe as Bob Breckenridge does, won't he catch it!" But this is not the incident I would recall.

On some occasion Marshall heard Dr. Breckenridge preach, and falling in with him after service accompanied him home. "Why don't you preach better?" said Marshall. "I do preach as well as I can," answered Breckenridge. "But why don't you preach as the Saviour did?" continued Marshall. "That's hard to do," rejoined Breckenridge. "Preach in parables," said Marshall, "that is a very simple and easy thing to do—that's the way our Lord set forth the truth." "Well, Tom," said Breckenridge, "I have as high an opinion of your talents as anybody has; and I set a higher estimate on the extent of your reading and information than most persons do. I defy you to make a parable, and I defy you to find one in all literature—outside of the New Testament." "Nonsense!" exclaimed Marshall; "I can make fifty, and I can find a hundred." "Well," quietly concluded Breckenridge, "try it, and let me know." Shortly afterward they met again. "Well, Bob," said Marshall, "what about these things—the parables? I have tried my best, and I can't make one; I have looked everywhere, and I can't find one. What does it all mean? I give it up." "You see," replied Breckenridge, "why I don't preach in parables, as our Lord did. I can't do that." Marshall, in this case, rushed in where doctors of divinity fear to tread; but it is significant of his keen power of analysis that he explored for himself the depths and recesses of a subject that has tasked the subtlety of the ablest theologians, and discriminating the parable from the allegory, the myth, the fable, and the proverb, saw the differential points of substance and of form, and fell back a wiser (if not a better) man. Though vanquished, he was victor still.

Nature, in truth, had denied him no gift essential to the orator, and no accident serviceable to his gifts. Never had orator a fairer physique in which to wreak himself on expression. He was six feet two inches in height, erect, symmetrical, and lithe. His bearing was self-possessed and graceful, his voice clear, rotund, and penetrating, and his enunciation so distinct that his words all came forth clean-cut like coin fresh from the die. It is true, his gestures were sometimes open to the charge of extravagance, and his wit to that of buffoonery; but these blemishes, from which even Cicero was not entirely exempt, were carried off by the prevailing grace and power of his manner. Though a highly cultivated man, he was a natural orator. He never seemed so thoroughly at home as when he was on his legs. In speaking, whether on the platform, in the senate, or at the bar, his mental equilibrium and his mental vitality were invincible. Nothing from within or from without could disturb the one or dash the other. Interruptions of all sorts only added fuel to the fire of his oratory. From the first sentence to the last, he was master of the situation, the whole effort being stamped with unity and instinct with grace. To borrow the phraseology of the drama, there was no break in the action, no pause in the acting. Not a link was missing; not a minute lost. He would tell an anecdote while he was looking for a citation, and throw off a flash of wit as he wiped his forehead. Even a glass of water he would take with rhetorical effect, dexterously weaving the act into the texture of his speech, or carelessly tossing it amongst the flowers of the border. When he was on the boards, neither the stage nor the audience ever waited. He never hesitated for a thought or a word; yet (such was the aptness and weight of his matter) no one ever thought of calling him fluent. The word, if it had occurred, would have seemed absurdly disparaging. He was in fact neither flippant nor hurried. His movement had the simple but restless impetus springing from the free play of his faculties. His style was racy and at the same time lofty. He touched nothing that he did not elevate as well as assimilate. He made everything his own, and transfigured himself. I have heard many of the great orators of our time in both hemispheres, but taking all in all, I have never heard one who in my opinion was his equal.

☞ TERRIBLE RESULT OF THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN!—Miss Hypatia Jones, spinster of arts (on her way to refreshment,) informs Professor Parallax, F. R. S., that "young men do very well to look at, or to dance with, or even to marry, and all that kind of thing!" but that "as to enjoying any rational conversation with any man under 50, that is completely out of the question."—*Punch.*

RACHEL MOORE'S MUSIC.

BY MARGARET LEE.

It was a very comical room in which Rachel Moore sat crying. A cottage piano filled one recess, a sewing-machine stood in another; the windows were furnished with Holland shades and hanging-baskets of domestic manufacture, a cooking-stove, and the pipe that disappeared through a round aperture above the smoky wall destroyed any chance of producing effects on the mantel shelf; and the combined odors of food cooking, kerosene oil, and coal gas, rather detracted from a room generally very cosy and tidy.

It wanted one week of Christmas Day, and Aunt Martha had gone out on a shopping tour closely connected with mince-pie.

"What's the matter now, Rachie?" asked a stout, easy-going, shabby-looking man, coming in from the street and disencumbering himself of a little bag and a heavy coat. He drew a chair to the stove, lit a pipe that reposed in his pocket when not in his mouth, and surveyed Rachel through a cloud of smoke. It took her some time to say:

"Oh, nothing."

"You ain't crying for nothing?"

Rachel stood up and lifted the cover off a saucepan, felt the vegetables, and put the tea to draw. Her compressed lips and brimming eyes showed the self-control she was exerting, and Uncle Jacob silently admired her for it. She had a stout little figure, short, decided features, bright black eyes, and some broad braids of dark hair twisted high over her low forehead, a style that gave character to her face and head.

"The society meets to-night, and aunt says I can't go."

"What's the matter?"

"She won't be home till near ten; she's going to see grandmother. Uncle James will bring her home."

"Oh!"

This word quite exhausted Uncle Jacob until he had disposed of his soup, his bread and cheese, several pints of tea, and an indefinite amount of tobacco. Rachel's face brightened at his evident enjoyment of the supper that she had prepared; and as she washed the dishes and put them into the closet, her returning peace of mind was signalled by a humming which became a crescendo, and ended in a clear, sweet anthem, the rich contralto tones filling the room with melody.

"Wait a minute!" cried Uncle Jacob, and springing across the floor like another creature, he threw open the piano and began the accompaniment.

Her work done, Rachel came and leaned on his shoulder, singing one after another the difficult solo anthems which Uncle Jacob's love of oratorio music had made as familiar to her as street ballads are to the majority.

"Go and get on your shawl, Rache; I'll keep house this evening."

When she came in from her little room in her old plaid shawl and shabby hat, Uncle Jacob was blind and deaf to all present concerns, and the Hallelujah Chorus from the Mount of Olives was satisfying the man's higher cravings. Rachel stopped a moment as she closed the outer door, and wiped away some harder tears.

Poor Uncle Jacob! Would she ever be able to give him even one of the luxuries he silently coveted? A melodeon, or a new piano? Her mind never comprehended an organ; that was simply impossible.

As she went along in the cold, pulling her shawl still closer about her sturdy little body, she began to wonder, as she had done hundreds of times, how Uncle Jacob had ever married such a practical, every-day, matter-of-fact woman as her Aunt Martha. He loved music; it made Aunt Martha nervous; he tuned pianos for a part living; was always contemplating getting an organist's position, yet could not raise the necessary energy to take the first step in that direction. She made dresses—the machine flew under her determined feet; and had as much perception of the beauties of harmony as the machine needle had of the materials that it passed through. By this comical couple, whose points of agreement were frugality and good-heartedness, Rachel had been adopted when only four years old. Her parents were blanks to her. Aunt Martha was her mother's sister, but the sisters had been very different in character; and Rachel had inherited from her mother a voice and a passion for music, together with the energetic, independent temperament of her American progenitors.

Aunt Martha rather made light of all this singing and playing, and was quite shocked at the idea of Rachel joining a musical society. However, Uncle Jacob took up the refrain that Rache ought to have a chance, and moaned it until Aunt Martha withdrew her veto.

The one white day of the week for Rachel was Thursday. At eight o'clock on Thursday evenings the "Harmonic" met in a hall over a neighboring store. The leading members were professionals, church singers, worn out and fresh, operatic chorus people, and a sprinkling of teachers. The leader and organizer of this motley crowd was a well-known and most talented musician, and his name had drawn toward him several fine artists. These had undertaken the solo parts in the oratorio in preparation, and the public performance was already announced.

Rachel entered the hall just as the members rose to sing the opening chorus, and, somewhat abashed, she was about shrinking into a back seat when the leader's sharp eyes fell on her. A rapid nod brought her forward to her usual seat, the first in the row of the contralto choristers.

This was Rachel's idea of perfect bliss, for right in front of her sat the solo contralto. Rachel could touch her handsome garments, watch her mobile features, and catch every sound of the marvellous voice. Oh, what a wonderful creature, in Rachel's eyes, was this Miss Carpenter! A woman who sang in a fashionable church, with a salary of one thousand; who appeared at concerts in wondrous dresses, and trilled out pathetic little ballads, when encored after a heavy scena, that literally brought down the house; who took the applause like a queen accepting homage; received fifty or seventy-five dollars for enjoying this triumph, and was sent carefully home in a carriage.

Rachel would give Uncle Jacob little imitations of this wonderful creature's surpassing style, and he would kiss his little niece, praise her voice, and declare that, for his part, he knew "Rache" could do as well if "she only had a chance."

Rachel always felt worse than usual after this and similar remarks. The chance was so dim, so imaginary. She had no money to pay a good teacher; no influential friends to introduce her to the notice of prominent organists; no courage to put herself forward or try to attract observation.

This being one of the final rehearsals, the whole work was given, and Rachel, in company with several of the members, left the hall more than ever enchanted with Miss Carpenter's voice. Never had it sounded so clear, so pure, so rich and resonant. It was the subject of conversation until Rachel parted from those good-natured escorts at her aunt's door.

From romance to reality is not far; and having soared with Handel above all temporal and earthly vanities, Rachel was recalled to earth by the high tones of her aunt's voice, evidently in hot dispute with Uncle Jacob.

"It's all stuff," said Aunt Martha, as Rachel went into the room. "If Rachel would give up her nonsensical music and learn dress-making, it would be better for all of us. Gallivanting out at night and leaving you at home to look after things! Why, everything in the room could be stolen, and you wouldn't be any the wiser, with your 'Creation' and 'St. Paul' and the rest of them in front of you! What's the good of it all, anyhow?"

"Why, Martha, as long as you don't like music, and don't understand it, I can't make you feel the good of it. It takes one right out of this world!"

"What's the use of that when you have to come back to it again, and go on with your work all the same?"

"Well, Martha, perhaps it serves me for the amusements that other men have."

"I know it keeps you at home; but—"

She was going to say that his constant presence in the evening interfered with her trade, but thought better of the remark, lest he should understand by it more than she meant.

Rachel had slipped across the room, opened the pages of an oratorio, and was humming over one of the solos she had just heard. She stopped and raised her eyes as her aunt turned to her.

"You can just give up that society and attend to your work at home. You've been going there a year, and all it does is to fill your head with airs."

"Oh, aunt! And they're going to have a public performance, and we'll each have two tickets; so you and uncle can come to hear it!"

"I wouldn't give a penny to hear all the oratorios in the world! You've nothing fit to wear at a public concert, and I'm not going to have my own sister's child on the stage, disgracing the family."

"Oh, auntie!"

Rachel gave way to a burst of tears, too bitterly disappointed to speak, and Uncle Jacob shut his teeth on his pipe-stem and marched out of the house, his habit when his wife had a spell, as he called it.

Two days afterward a wonderful thing took place—the postman left a note addressed to Miss Moore. It was from Miss Carpenter, asking Miss Moore to call and see her without delay.

Rachel, dressed in her best—a crimson merino suit, a cotton velvet sacque, and a hat with a cherry-colored feather asserting itself—started within an hour. She found Miss Carpenter in the front room, second floor, of an elegant house in a fashionable street. Miss Carpenter, in a becoming gray wrapper, was lying on a dark crimson lounge, and Rachel looked the sorrow she felt when the famous contralto spoke in a hoarse, weak voice:

"Oh, thank you, Miss Moore! You see, I'm laid up; no singing for me, the doctor says, within ten days. I was in the greatest distress about my Christmas service, until I thought of you. You see, Christmas coming on Sunday, all the good singers are engaged, and I want you to take my place in the choir."

"I?" cried Rachel, when able to speak.

"Yes, you."

"How can I?"

"Very well, if you'll keep up your courage. The part music is not any more difficult than what you have been singing; there are two or three duets and a trio; but you will have three rehearsals—one to-night, and the others on Friday and Saturday evenings. You read easily?"

"Yes, I can read." Rachel was sure she was dreaming.

"I'll send a note to the organist and tell him to consider you my substitute. Do you know where the church is?"

Rachel flushed.

"Oh, yes! I often go there with Uncle Jacob," to hear you sing, she might have added, but Rachel stopped short. Strange to say, Miss Carpenter read the motive in the tell-tale eyes, and felt a sensation of pleasure.

"The only thing is the anthem; our soprano is not too good, and I promised Mr. Mason, 'Oh, Thou That Tellest.' Do you know it?"

"I can sing it, but not as it should be sung!"

"Come and run it over for me. I can tell then whether you may attempt it. Now, don't get timid; just sing as if no one were listening; and let me tell you that is what you must always do in solos; throw your whole soul into the music; forget the choir and the congregation; the organist will follow you, and you'll be sure to make an impression."

Poor Rachel! This sounded like fine satire. However, Miss Carpenter had opened a Steinway Grand, and was playing the accompaniment with a strong, clear touch. Rachel sang, at first slightly nervous, afterward thoroughly alive to the necessity of doing her best. Uncle Jacob must not be disgraced by his one pupil.

"Bravo!" cried Miss Carpenter. It will do. What a pure style! Just what Mr. Mason admires. You have a good teacher. Then your voice! How old are you?"

"Eighteen."

"Why, my dear child, your fortune is in your throat! Your tones are so even; now mine vary. I have to manage to produce effects, but you, you need only sing. Now I feel quite relieved. Be prompt at rehearsal to-night, and—well, you'll get along. Don't mind the chorus choir. They are young people of means, who volunteer their services for the sake of the instruction. They are what we professionals call stuck-up, but you needn't look at them."

As Rachel was going away, quite overpowered by this interview, Miss Carpenter pressed a ten-dollar bill into her hand, saying, she might want something for Christmas, and that was part payment in advance.

"Rachel's nearly crazy, Jacob; she's got a ten-dollar bill in advance for some singing that she's to do on Christmas. Money must be plenty with some people!" was Aunt Martha's salutation that afternoon.

Uncle Jacob forgot his pipe and listened to Rachel's explanation with open mouth and eyes.

"It's your chance, Rache! You must make the most of it. I'll go down to the church with you."

"Yes, do; then I can get those dresses cut. I think I'll put on my best things."

"No, you will not, Rachel; they'll wear out time enough," said Aunt Martha, sharply.

So Rachel started in her shabby shawl, and having entered the church by a side door, followed some other people up a narrow stair through a dark passage behind the organ, and emerged into a brilliant little gallery, with the organ on one side and rows of people in gay dresses on the other.

A bald-headed man sitting at the organ looked at her from head to foot as she stood before him, at first with surprise, then thoughtfully. Finally he drew a note from his pocket, read it, and again inspected Rachel.

"Are you Miss Moore?"

Rachel nodded. He pointed to a seat near him, and as she passed him to sit down, she felt the suppressed titter that went round the gallery.

Uncle Jacob, who had announced himself in a front pew below, realized the ordeal his little niece was undergoing. Yet he fairly hugged himself at this wondrous chance; and as the tap on the organ called for attention, he strained his ears to catch the tones of the fresh young voice he had trained so long and patiently.

Meanwhile, Rachel at last raised her eyes to the tall music-rack before her, and gazed beyond it down the dimly defined aisles and rows of pews, then up to the Gothic arches and graceful columns. What could be more delightful than to sing in this place; to feel one's voice ascending and swelling among such refining influences? Rachel almost believed she could forget self and the world thus singing.

The organist broke the spell by handing her the music of the Venite. How simple it is, thought Rachel; then she put her copy on the rack as she saw the soprano and tenor doing, and stood up.

The notes were four inches above her eyes. A large hand reached over from behind and lowered the rack to a proper level. Rachel turned gratefully and met the curious stare of a powerful, dark-eyed basso. He bowed, she colored, and the first chord was struck.

Rachel kept her eyes on her notes and sang away, overcoming with an effort the first hesitation and the oddity of having the heavy bass just at her ear. But for the steady drilling at the society she could never have held her own part so bravely.

It was over at last; the organist collected his copies, and handed round those for the Te Deum. Evidently the service had been thoroughly rehearsed, and there was little or no talking to be done. Rachel made a few mistakes in her first duet with the soprano, but did well in the trio with the basso and tenor.

When the rehearsal was ended the members went silently away. No one spoke to Rachel, who had forgotten her shabby clothes, and felt, by reason of her talent, almost on an equality with them.

As she was going, the organist handed her a copy of the Messiah, and said:

"Just run over your solo, will you?"

There was no one in the gallery but Mr. Mason and herself. Rachel was ignorant of the fact that the basso, the tenor, and a dozen or more of the volunteers came to a halt in the dark aisles as soon as the accompaniment informed them of what was in store for listeners.

So Rachel sang con amore, and Mr. Mason nodded when she had finished, looked thoughtful as the end of her shawl disappeared round an angle of the organ, and the first ordeal was over. Uncle Jacob threw his arms around her in the semi-darkness of the vestibule, kissed her, and exclaimed:

"You've done well! I'm proud of you!"

This was reward enough, and even drew out the never-absent thorns.

The other rehearsals were only distinguished by the fact that Rachel sang better and better. Mr. Mason never volunteered a word of fault or praise, and the others still stared rudely at the shabby little figure.

On Christmas morning Rachel put on her brilliant garments and dazzling feather, only too conscious of their vulgar appearance; but what could she do? When she took her place amid the odors of pine and hemlock, and began to admire the decorations and watch the crowds pouring in through the deep vestibule, she again forgot self. The change of scene from the warm room with its atmosphere of sausages cooking, to the quiet gallery with its lights, its crimson cushions and its musical associations was like enchantment. Now the white-robed priests came from the vestry, the rustle of silks and velvets increased, then subsided, the evergreens shone under the star over the altar, the organ notes gave the opening of Mendelssohn's sublime chorus, "There shall come forth a Star," and Rachel rose with the others, feeling as if in a new world, where all was beauty.

Uncle Jacob's face, turned toward her from an obscure corner of the gallery, nerved her to her task. For his sake she would do her best.

The trying moment came when she stood up alone to sing the anthem. She grew hot and cold, the perspiration stood on her forehead, the music seemed to come from a great distance, the score in front of her became suddenly illegible, in the dense mass beneath her, heads turned and faces gazed up in expectation. Was she going to break down? It seemed very like it; the last bar of the prelude was in her ears, but her voice, where was that? a great lump had taken its place in her throat.

In that moment she looked out over the sea of heads and there was dear old Jacob's face, and he smiled at her and threw her an encouraging nod. It was electric. Out came the full young voice with a force and intonation that made Mr. Mason look around, and drew the gaze of countless eyes.

The words "O Thou that Tellest" were like an invocation, nor did the girl again falter. The sturdy figure stood firm, and the rich voice swelled and diminished and held the sustained notes as if incapable of fatigue, and when it was finished Rachel sat down and trembled at her own triumph. The service was over too soon for her. The past week with its culminating triumph was like another state of existence. The going back to the old round made the old life harder than ever. She knew this as she left the organ gallery Christmas night, and took Uncle Jacob's arm in the snowy street.

"Rache, you've done well to-day. I wish Aunt Martha could have heard you." He sighed at the conviction of the absurdity of this fancy.

"Even if she had, Uncle Jacob, it would make no difference. She don't hear what we do in music."

The next week came a note of thanks from Miss Carpenter, enclosing twenty dollars for Miss Moore's services. Aunt Martha stared, and thought that some people must be mad to give a girl thirty dollars for just screaming a few hours on a Sunday. "For her part she wished she could earn money half as easily."

Of course, if Rachel was going to earn money at that rate why she might as well keep on at the society. However, when six months had glided away and no more chances had come to Rachel, Aunt Martha began to ridicule the whole matter. What was the good of money that came by fits and starts? Thirty dollars was soon spent, and a trade was better than a profession. A steady amount of wages was what Rachel needed, and as she liked nothing but singing, why dressmaking was as good for her to learn as anything else.

"But I'll have to give up my practicing. I can't sew and do my house-work and practice two or three hours a day," urged poor Rachel, in despair, for her voice was developing, and her execution improving.

"Then give up your music," said Aunt Martha, decidedly.

At this crisis who should walk into the room one morning but Mr. Mason.

"I had such a piece of work to find you," he said; "Miss Carpenter gave me your address, but I lost it, and yesterday it occurred to me to apply to your leader."

"Do you want me?" asked Rachel, putting away her work.

"Yes. You're not engaged anywhere I hope."

"Oh, no!"

"Miss Carpenter is about leaving us, going to Europe to pursue her studies. I want you to take her place. The committee has left the matter in my hands, and after last Christmas I know what you can do. If the salary suits you, we think it quite a good one, one thousand."

"Will I have it?" said Rachel, hardly trusting her ears.

"Certainly. You will have considerable to do, and if the people demand first-class voices, why they ought to pay for them. That is my theory. I know I don't work for a small salary, and I always look after the rights of my choir. Well, you'll let me know before Friday if you like my offer."

"I like it very well."

"Then may I consider you engaged?"

"Yes, indeed."

Mr. Mason was bowing himself out, hat in hand, when Aunt Martha returned from a marketing tour, and deposited her great basket on the nearest chair. "And who might that be?" she asked when Rachel came in from the door.

"That's the organist where Miss Carpenter sings," said Rachel, determined that Uncle Jacob should be the first to hear of her good fortune.

"Oh, I suppose he wants you to do some singing; another thirty dollars' worth." Rachel took up her work with firm-shut lips.

Not a word she said, but when the street door opened Rachel bounded out of the room, and a confused sound of mingled laughter, crying and kissing, at length drew Aunt Martha from the machine to the hall. There stood Uncle Jacob in his great coat, crying like a baby, and Rachel with her arms round his neck, hugging him and laughing hysterically.

"I knew she only wanted a chance," he cried out. "Hurrah! hurrah!"

Two Very Frenchy Stories.

This story is told by a French journal: A physician connected with the prison of La Force, and much beloved by his light-fingered patients, perceived on leaving the Varieties one evening that his pocket had been picked, and that his opera-glass was gone. Next day, on meeting the denizens of La Force, he expressed his displeasure at the occurrence. "It is all very well," said he, "for you to say I am popular among you, but I am treated just as others are. Some of your friends contrived to relieve me of my opera-glass last night at the Varieties." "That was only because they did not know you, doctor," replied a prisoner. "Who was on duty at the Varieties last night?" he inquired, turning to a comrade. The answer was given in a whisper. "You shall have your glass to-morrow," he added. Next day a person called on the physician's wife. "Here," said he, "are all the opera-glasses stolen two nights ago, at the Varieties; please to point out the doctor's." The lady having done so, the obliging pickpocket handed it to her, restored the others to their cases, and disappeared.

The following story is told in connection with one of the matrimonial agencies of Paris: One M. X. applied at an agency for an eligible spouse, and was offered and accepted a damsel of twenty-seven, whose name was on the books. The agent, writing to the lady, told her frankly that M. X. was not an Adonis, but that he possessed more sterling qualities than beauty. At the same time he sent her a carte-de-visite of the gentleman, as he supposed, but by mistake slipped into the envelope a vignette portrait of a favorite ape. Next morning he discovered the error; before he could rectify it, however, he received a note from the lady, saying, "I accept the husband you offer me. It is true that he is not precisely handsome, but then he has such a distinguished air."

What we are Coming To.

Miss Olympia Brown was married last spring, but has not changed her name. She says that she and her husband agreed before they were married that they should hold on to their own names; in fact, she would not have married without such an agreement. I asked her if Mr. Willis (her husband) did not wish to change his name to Brown. She said: "Oh, no; he would be simple if he did, Willis being a much prettier name; besides, had his name been Higginbottom he would have preferred to retain it, considering it was his own, and the one he had always been known by." I asked her if no one ever called her Willis. She said: "Oh, yes, sometimes they did; but she did not wage any special war on that, any more than if they had called her some pet name that never belonged to her." And so it is John Henry Willis and the Rev. Olympia Brown; and he attends to his grocery business, and she preaches to her congregation of saints and sinners every Sunday, and they keep a snug little house in Bridgeport, on Golden Hill, and the name on the door is "Olympia Brown"—that partner in this matrimonial firm being the better known of the two. Had it been the reverse, John Henry's name would have probably greeted the passer-by on Golden Hill.—*Hartford Times.*

How To Do It.

A New York correspondent says that in getting up parties in that city, the swell thing is to go to Delmonico's. Delmonico takes your order for one, two or five hundred guests. He furnishes every blessed thing—fiddles, supper, waiting-maids and invitations, if you are so disposed. It takes it all off your mind and you only have to dress like any other guest and go to your own party; and you know it's your own party when you pay your little bill, and you feel convinced that that spread is your own, as the peacock does when he looks at his tail. Delmonico furnishes also short-hand reporters, amiable, adolescent youths, pimply about the forehead, and red about the wrist, and they remain a few minutes and take a nip or so, and then proceed to inform a gratified public that Miss So-and-So wore pink decollete, and Mrs. Such-a-One, lavender moire, trimmed with paniers and quite pointed lace. Oh! it's so sweet; but then it can't last; that's the great trouble.

☞ The Californians have been telling us for many years that Donner Lake, on the Sierra Nevadas, was fathomless. But now they have found bottom all over it, and the greatest depth is two hundred feet. It is a great comfort to them to learn that they shall touch bottom when they drown.

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DAILY WORK.

In the name of God advancing,
Sow thy seed at morning light;
Cheerily the furrows turning,
Labor on with all thy might.
Look not to the far-off future,
Do the work which nearest lies;
Now thou must before thou reapest,
Rest at last is labor's prize.

Standing still is dangerous ever,
Toil is meant for Christians now;
Let there be, when evening cometh,
Honest sweat upon thy brow;
And the Master shall come smiling,
At the setting of the sun,
Saying, as he pays thy wages,
"Good and faithful one, well done!"
—*From the German.*

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ACT THE FIRST.

The curtain rises on a scene that is common-place enough, perhaps, but still very pretty. The library of a substantial country house.

It is evening; but the shutters are not closed yet. The leaping fire, burning on the old-fashioned hearth, gives sufficient light for the purposes of the women who are the sole occupants of the room. One of these sits in a low chair; another is lounging on the hearth-rug, supporting herself against the knees of the lady in the chair. And the third lies on a sofa opposite, contemplating with a great air of satisfaction the pretty red-slippered feet which she has elevated on a cushion, in order that she may see them. She is Mrs. Byrne, the popular fascinating wife of one of the keenest sportsmen in this sporting county. And she is the guest of the lady in the low chair, Mrs. Tressilian, and the great friend of that lady's only daughter, Lina, the girl on the hearth-rug.

They are lounging away the dark hours here, hoping that the hunt will come home before they go up to dress, for Mr. Tressilian is master of the hounds, and these three ladies take a keen interest in the runs, and triumphs, and failures of the day. Moreover, they feel as if they could gossip more freely in the dim light, for Mrs. Byrne is here as a married woman for the first time, and she appears to Lina to be endowed with some fresh attributes.

"They must have left off a long way from home, for it's been dark for an hour and a half," Mrs. Tressilian says presently. She has been married more than twenty years, and still her heart palpitates with anxiety if her husband is behind his time. "I always conjure up visions of something having happened if they don't come when I expect them, don't you?" the elder matron continues, addressing the younger one. And Mrs. Byrne rises from the sofa with a laugh, and says, "Oh, no," and comes full into the light of the fire.

She stands clearly revealed now, a woman of about five-and-twenty, of middle height, and slender, graceful figure. Her dark hair is wrapped closely round her shapely little head. Her steady, clever eyes are well fringed with long dark lashes. Her brow is straight, her small face delicately rounded, her mouth well-formed and flexible, betokening sensibility. Altogether she is a very pretty woman, and her dress of dark-blue cloth fitting like a habit becomes her well.

"It's like a dream," Lina says, after looking at her friend for a moment or two. "When I left you six months ago, you didn't know Tom Byrne, and now you're married to him, and so accustomed to it all, that you're not anxious when he's late; how quickly you must have fallen in love?"

"Almost as quickly as I fell out of—" she begins, but checks herself, as something like horrified amazement spreads itself over Mrs. Tressilian's face. "Never mind me, Lina," she answers, "tell me about yourself; haven't you found any one to fall in love with yet?"

The girl looks at her mother, the mother looks at her girl, and Mrs. Byrne's quick eyes detect an expression of happy consciousness on Lina's face, and of proud satisfaction on the face of Mrs. Tressilian. "There is a man in the case," the sage young matron thinks; and she thinks also, "I hope he is here."

"If I'm ever engaged, you shall be the first to know it, Trixy," Lina says, rising up, fair and tall, by her friend's side. And Mrs. Byrne takes the girl's two white hands in her own tiny ones, and looks up into the sweet, proud, pure face that is crowned with an aureole of chestnut hair, and says—

"My dear, I was speaking of love, not of engagements; of course Miss Tressilian will be engaged, and will marry; but I want to know when the icicle thaws and loves."

The pretty married woman throws a good deal of meaning into her last words, but just then there comes the sound of the horn, and the tramp of the horses, and the sound of men's voices, raised in jolly discussion about the day's sport. And Mrs. Tressilian has only time to answer for her daughter—"Oh, Trixy! I'm sure Lina will never do one without the other; you must know Lina well enough for that"—before three men came tramping into the room, splashed, tired, hungry and happy, for they have had a long run, and have killed. The master advances to the bride, Mrs. Byrne, who has arrived during the day, and welcomes her almost like a second daughter. And Tom Byrne falls a prey to the hearty loving congratulations of Mrs and Miss Tressilian.

"To have Trixy here again, oh! you don't know what it is," Lina says with effusion, "I'm sure I shall make you jealous, Mr. Byrne, for I shall monopolize so much of her time."

Mrs. Byrne releases her hand from the clasp of her elderly host, and comes forward at the word. Her quick eyes have discerned a "goodly youth" in the background, and—well! Tressilian Place will not be so dull as she feared it might be, if that goodly youth is to be one of her fellow guests.

"Glad you've had a good day, Tom," she says, in passing, to her husband; and then she whispers to Mrs. Tressilian, "One of your sons? introduce him."

"No—a friend of ours, Mr. Carruthers," and then Mr. Carruthers comes forward, and bows to the pretty Mrs. Byrne, and turns from her—turns from her almost without a glance, to tell the tale of the day to Lina Tressilian!

In truth, he is a "goodly youth," there is no denying it. Standing six feet at least, lightly built, lissom in movement, with rings of dark-brown hair covering a head that might have been modelled from the Greek; with dark brows and lashes shadowing large green hazel eyes; with a delicately-featured face, that is at the same time strong and sensitive, vivacious and charming. What wonder that Mrs. Byrne determines at once that Lina loves this young Apollo, and that this young Apollo is worth loving. And, thinking this, pretty Mrs. Byrne goes away to dress for dinner without delay. The lounge on the sofa has disordered her hair and crumpled her collar; and, pretty woman as she is, she never commits the folly of too severely testing the power of unadorned charms.

Lina Tressilian and Mr. Carruthers loiter for a minute or two in the library after the others go up to dress. The tale of the chase, apparently, has a very thralling spell for her when told by him; and he seems to like telling it to the graceful, warm-colored blonde. When, at last, she is leaving the room, she turns round and looks up into the handsome, vivacious face of the man who is following her, and says—

"What do you think of my friend, Mrs. Byrne? Isn't she pretty?"

His eyes are fixed on the face of the girl who is speaking. His heart is full of her. He has not told his love yet in so many words; but he is quite ready to tell it, and she knows this and is satisfied. At present his tones, and the silent, eloquent speech of his eyes, are all-sufficient for her. And she is justified in trusting him as largely as she loves him; for Bertram Carruthers's intentions are strictly honorable, and he is resolved that Lina's love-path shall be a safe and flowery one.

"What do you think of Mrs. Byrne? Isn't she pretty?" she repeats as, in the ardor of his gaze, he forgets to answer her question. And his answer does not annoy her, though Mrs. Byrne is her friend, when he says—

"'Pon my word, I didn't notice her."

At which Lina shakes her head in happy reproof, and says—

"Ah! but you must; she is my friend, remember."

He fails to remember this fact; but he does not fail to notice Mrs. Byrne when the latter sails into the drawing-room before the other ladies, and singles him out dexterously from the other men. Her figure is beautiful; not with the beauty of statuesque proportions and white marble-looking flesh, but with the beauty of grace and suppleness. As she crosses the room from the door to the fireplace, where he is standing, her steady, quiet gaze taking him in all the time, he is reminded of the advance a beautiful black snake made upon him once—Mrs. Byrne is in black velvet, with folds of white tulle about her neck and arms, and she knows that she looks well in it.

She talks to him a little about the event of the day—the run; is interested when he is led on to narrate the feats of his own mare; "the best fencer in the field, who has never been known to refuse anything."

"Horses never do refuse anything, if the riders throw their hearts over first," she responds, in a way that leads him to believe that she has a profound admiration for pluck, and that she thinks him plucky.

"You'll come to the next meet, won't you?" he asks, quickly. "It's on Wednesday—a lawn meet at Beveril Court."

"If Lina will drive me."

"Why not ride? You do ride."

"Yes" (with a smile), "I do ride."

"And jolly well, too, with that figure; she's just the build for it," the young man thinks, flashing a quick glance of admiration at her.

"Then ride on Wednesday. I don't suppose it will be much of a run; but it will be a regular ladies' day."

"I don't think I care for 'regular ladies' days,'" she says, in a low tone. And her perfectly feminine accents rob the remark of anything like fastness or an assumption of masculine tastes. Yet, from those same daintily-modulated accents, more than from her words, he gathers that she can do more than sit upon a horse—that she can ride as well as she looks.

"Let me lend you a mount," he says, eagerly. "I have a little mare, nearly thoroughbred, that will carry you over anything. Do let me lend her to you."

She pauses for half a second, watching him the while with her quiet, steady hazel eyes. Then she says softly—

"Shall you be out that day?"

And, as Mrs. and Miss Tressilian come into the room, he tells her "Yes."

ACT THE SECOND.

It does not promise very much sport, but it is a pretty, lively, amusing scene, this lawn-meet at Beveril Court. Half the county is there. There has been a breakfast going on for the last two hours, to which all the hunt have been invited, and now, at one o'clock, they are coming out and mounting, or waiting about for their horses. Mr. Tressilian and the whipper-in are gone off with the hounds to the nearest cover, and the hunt is preparing to follow him across broad pasture-lands that are thickly dotted with "tors," as the small rocks which bulge out all around are called in the vernacular.

Lina Tressilian is there, driving her mother in a little Victoria. Pretty, lively, and amusing as the scene is, Lina does not look very well pleased with it, as she sits there watching the skilful way in which Mrs. Byrne is being mounted by Bertram Carruthers on Bertram Carruthers's mare.

The mare is fidgetty, excited by the sound of the horn and the cry of the hounds, and eager to be off. The lady is calm, interested in the conversation of her attendant cavalier, and perfectly satisfied to remain where she is. She has improved the shining hours that have intervened between her introduction to Mr. Carruthers and the present moment, and takes the sort of interest in him that a woman does take in a man of whom she has rather an intimate knowledge.

Mrs. Byrne has a low monotonously sweet voice, and in this voice she has asked many questions, and uttered many pleasantly flattering little speeches to the Antinous by her side, even when other people have been close at hand. But her share in the conversations have never been heard. It is only his answers that have fallen upon two or three pairs of anxious ears, and his answers have been to the full as flattering as her remarks. Lina is beginning to wish that her unavowed lover would be a little less demonstrative in his thorough appreciation of her dearest friend.

"I know you won't want any looking after," he is saying now admiringly to Mrs. Byrne, who is rather more perfect in her light-blue habit than in anything else; "but the mare will go easier if she's with her stable companion, so, with your permission, I'll keep close to you, and show you the way, as it's a strange country to you. May I?"

She gives a low, gracious, pleased assent. "Of course you may," she says; "do you ever pilot Lina?"

He has talked to her about Lina, confided to her (this was just at first,) that he is quite ready to surrender his liberty to Miss Tressilian. He has expatiated to Mrs. Byrne on her friend's charms and talents, and general womanly delightfulness. And, having done this, he is astonished to find that he has exhausted his interest in his topic and developed a stronger one in his listener. A quiet hour with Lina now would be like going back to a milk diet after a course of champagne. Therefore he eschews these quiet hours, and devotes the whole of his time to the sparkling married woman. In answer to her question now, "Do you ever pilot Lina," he gives a half curious laugh, and says—

"I have done so, but she isn't at home in the saddle as you are," and then he gets on his horse, and rides away by the side of the lustrous faced brunette, with the soft gray velvet manner, without a glance at the fair, handsome girl in the pony-carriage, who had been his heart's queen only the other day.

He has been "Bertie" in the Tressilian household for a long time, and his views about Lina are pretty well understood in the Tressilian set. It is only natural therefore that a number of intimate friends speak of him freely, as they hang about Miss Tressilian's pony-carriage. And Lina, with a face grown heavy, and almost plain with the pangs of a gnawing, quickly growing jealousy, has to listen to these remarks, and answer them, and call him "Bertie," too. Many of them hurt her feelings by their sagacious remarks, but the one who sends the dagger well home to her heart is one of those admirable people who always "speak their minds," and "dislike beating about the bush." A good-hearted, loud-voiced, popular woman, who has known Lina from the cradle.

She rides up to the little Victoria now, with a broad, beaming smile on her face, and begins, without noticing the cloud that is hovering over Lina—

"My dear child, I'm quite relieved to find that the lady who is monopolizing Bertie Carruthers is a married woman, and your great friend; I began to be afraid there was something wrong between you and Bertie."

"How should there be anything wrong between me and Bertie, Mrs. Lennox," Lina asks, almost sharply, for she is sore stricken, "we're too old and good friends to quarrel idly, aren't we, mamma?"

"Yes," Mrs. Tressilian says, hopelessly. Out of her own consciousness she would not have evolved distrust of Bertie and Mrs. Byrne. But she has caught the reflection of her daughter, and is very unhappy and much perplexed.

"I should like to know Mrs. Byrne," Mrs. Lennox goes on carelessly. "Stays with you sometimes, I suppose? Every one tells me how fascinating she is."

Lina makes a strong effort to resuscitate her feelings of loyal friendship for her disloyal friend.

"She is very fascinating," she says, emphatically. Then, as Mrs. Lennox rides off, she adds with an abrupt descent into the muffled tones of misery, "Mamma, we may as well go home; there's nothing more to see;" and with one lingering glance at the "goodly youth" and the graceful woman in the distance, she turns her ponies' heads and drives home as fast as she can.

They do not have a quick find this day. By far the greater portion of the time is spent in loitering about in wooded glens, and on the outskirts of covers in the sunny, crisp weather. Keen sportsmen rage against the want of scent and the rarefication of the atmosphere. Bertie Carruthers is a keen sportsman, but he does not rage against the fortune which permits him to stand still for half an hour at a time by Mrs. Byrne's side.

She has infused a faint savor of bitterness into the tones of the fancy philosophy she is talking to the young man, whose splendid beauty has attracted her fickle admiration for the time: a faint savor of bitterness against things as they are and ever have been with herself, and of indifference to the majority of things, and of unbelief in the majority of people. And through all her remarks an undercurrent runs of there being something sweet in the bitterness of the present, and of her interest being aroused by something new, and of her heart doing battle against the unbelief of her mind. And Bertie is fascinated by her misty metaphysics and her fancy philosophy, and wishes (when he thinks of her at all) that Lina had the art of wording her thoughts and feelings as enthrallingly as does this woman, who is going away soon, and without whom he will find Tressilian very dull.

As they ride home in the gathering evening gloom, still together, he finds himself the principal talker, rather to his surprise. The fact leads him to suppose that Mrs. Byrne is much interested in his topic, which happens to be himself. The truth being that Mrs. Byrne is tired, and perfectly aware that men like to be listened to. So she listens with flattering attention, makes her manner more like a piece of exquisitely toned gray velvet than ever, and pets his favorite mare, calling her darling!

She "means no harm" she tells herself when she allows her hand to remain in his, when he clasps it at length as it caresses his mare's mane. He "has seen many small hands," he tells her, "but hers is something unique in size." And Mrs. Byrne laughs and says, "Yes; but hasn't dear Lina nice, comfortable, useful-looking hands."

She "means no harm," and the young fellow by her side means absolutely nothing. His neighbor's wife would be a very sacred personage in his eyes, if he could only remember the fact of her being his neighbor's wife! But Mrs. Byrne has the art of making men forget this. So he goes on with his sentimental fooling until they reach Tressilian Place, and then they saunter in together to the library and find it vacant.

A warm low fire is burning there, and it is pleasant, after the fatigues of the day, to sit down on the sofa in the glow, and have the tea which Lina's forethought had ordered, brought to her; and Mrs. Byrne, who likes pleasant things, becomes more velvety than ever under the subtle, soothing influence of comfort. She takes her hat off, and bends her graceful figure forward toward the fire which gleams up now and again, lighting up the slender grace of that figure.

Her dusky hair, her courage in the saddle, and her slow, soft, tender ways, her subtle little half-hints of having been hardened by Fate, are one and all revelations to him. "In all his experience," he tells himself (it may be mentioned that his experience is not very wide) he "has met with nothing like Mrs. Byrne." It seems to him quite a right and natural thing to do, as he does presently, kneel down before her, and chafe her little cold hands into warmth.

She bending above him, smiling into his eyes half sadly the while, "means no harm," of course, but can't help wondering, half maliciously, "what Lina would think of it all," as he bends his head down and kisses her hands and mutters, "I am falling in love with you." She releases one hand, and places it on his brow, brushing back his rings of dark-brown hair, and they are both of them utterly oblivious that Lina has opened the door, and is standing there paralysed.

It is a pretty little bit of acting to the cool-headed, cooler-hearted, married woman. It is a piece of excitement which he cannot resist, to the young man. To the watching girl it is the death-blow of every hope she holds dear in life.

Mrs Byrne goes away in a few days, and finds fresh hearers for her mock metaphysics and fancy philosophy. Bertie Carruthers allows himself to be bored, distrait and irritable, for a week without her, and then remembers that "Lina is really a very nice girl." But the vital spark has fled from his love for her, and Lina knows it, and the love drama of her life ends with the second act of Mrs. Byrne's romantic comedy.

ON A BROKEN EGG-SHELL.

Inspired Being.—"Whence, oh whence, ladies, whence, oh whence came the marvelous instinct that prompted the minute being originally contained in this fragile shell to burst the calcareous envelope that secluded it from the glories of the outward world?"

Chorus of admiring ladies.—"Whence, oh whence, *indeed*, Mr. Honeycomb!"

Master Tommy.—"P'raps the little beggar was afraid he'd be *boiled!*"

French Women.

I believe it is generally believed that Paris originates and establishes the various fashions for woman's wardrobe for all the principal nations of Europe and America.

Knowing this fact I naturally expected to find in Paris a class of women who were not only dressed in the height of fashion, but who would be practical illustrations of the physical, intellectual, and moral weakness and degeneracy that are so apt to befall the votaries of fashion.

I supposed that the French women were generally small-waisted, small-chested, small-footed, and small-headed; that they would show evident signs of the prevalence of the various diseases which inevitably follow any attempt to curtail or interfere with the free and unrestrained action of the various organs, as fashion's followers are likely to do.

I was surprised, on visiting France, to find my expectations in this regard not realized. The women I saw in Paris in the streets, Boulevards, Champs Elysees, the garden of the Tuileries, in the Louvre and picture galleries, in places of amusement, and in carriages, were as rosy-cheeked, as full-chested, as large-waisted, and as healthy-looking as any I have ever seen in any country. The shop girls and market women did not look as though they know what a corset or tight dress was. The ladies I saw in carriages were particularly elegant and healthy-looking.

At first I was unable to reconcile this state of things with my previous impressions of the effects of fashionable follies, but subsequently I was able partly to explain it by the presence of several very strong counteracting influences; first, the French women are very tough and hardy; second, they live on very simple and well-cooked food; third, they enjoy in a large degree out-door life and out-door sports and amusements; fourth, they do not follow the extreme fashions. The women find employment in the shops, in the fields, on the railway, and in many avocations not common among English or American women.—*E. P. Miller, M. D.*

☞ The Marquis of Lorne could not sit at the Emperor of Russia's table for lack of royal blood, though his wife, the Princess Louise, could; so she chose to stay away from the wedding ceremony altogether, when her brother the Duke of Edinburgh was married to the Czar's daughter, rather than subject her husband to the indignity of being refused a seat next her.

A War Among the Roses.

Many of our readers have no doubt heard of the wars of the Roses, which about the middle of the Christian era racked England from centre to circumference. Two sections of the house of Plantagenet were "fighting for the crown," and to distinguish one another the white rose was selected to represent one side and the red rose the other.

History repeats itself, and from all we can learn there is a war of roses going on between Philadelphia and Boston, though we cannot learn that there is any of the great and weighty questions of the olden time buried beneath the roses' petals.

In fact, it is rather a florists' than a regular martial campaign, though the whole community is taking sides in the floral contest.

We may as well tell our readers at the outset that during the past few years the rose has asserted her sovereign rights as the Queen of Flowers, to more than a subordinate place in floral arrangements and affairs in which cut flowers make a prominent display. Other flowers, and especially the camellia, had usurped this place. It is not long since we used to read of fashionable weddings that the "beautiful bride had her glorious hair adorned by lovely Japonicas of the purest white;" but now the rose-bud is all the go, and unless a bouquet composed wholly of these precious flowers enter into the proceedings, a couple are hardly considered man and wife.

But the great war question between Philadelphia and Boston is of what shall these rose-buds be? Boston declares that the bud shall be an old variety known as Bon Silene; while the Philadelphians assert as strongly that the only thing that fashion shall be crowned with shall be Saffrano, or its twin sister, Isabella Sprunt. All through the country the question is being taken up in fashionable circles, and whether a design of cut flowers shall be the "Boston Buds" or the "Philadelphia Buds," is becoming of almost as much consequence to society as the one recently started in Washington, whether man can be permitted to enter into respectable society unless he wear a swallow-tail coat. Our young folks are particularly exercised over this momentous question, and it was quite exciting to note with what animation a young friend of ours recently told us of a fashionable wedding, that the bride held in her hand a bouquet composed wholly of Philadelphia "buds!"

The Bon Silene is a light-red rose; while the Saffrano is of an orange-yellow tint. The Isabella Sprunt is not a seedling rose, but originated by a branch of Saffrano, producing light, canary-yellow flowers, and this branch being cut off and rooted has always continued to yield these peculiar colored flowers.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Woman's Hatred.

Junius Henri Browne, in an interesting paper published in the February Galaxy on, "Women as Friends," has the following paragraphs:

If you quarrel with a woman over night, you invite the devil to breakfast. Having made a woman your foe, you have poisoned the air you breathe in common. Nature, who has deprived her of physical power to strike, has bestowed mental power to hate; and hate is more formidable than the heaviest blows. These must be exhausted ere long; that nourishes itself from within, and grows by self-indulgence. An angry woman, if she be comely, is picturesque and alluring. But the aroused and fixed aversion which sometimes succeeds thereto is not pleasant to contemplate. Feminine hatred is a great force in the universe; it has created epochs and destroyed empires; changed destinies and retarded ages. Civilization has modified its expression, but not lessened its intensity. In the wars of to-day the enemies in the field may be conquered, but the enemies at home never can be. Technically, they do not bear arms; and yet the arms they have they lay not down until they are victorious over the victors.

Entire reconciliation is difficult with a woman. She invariably keeps certain reserves. When she has once parted from you in spirit, she will hardly return. Though she seems to, she does not. She gives her hand again, perhaps her lips; but the heart is no longer in one nor the soul in the other. Kiss her you have once roundly quarreled with—if it be not a mere lover's quarrel—and you will find the statue under the crimson curve, the chill of the marble through the bounding blood. A keen observer may determine in society whether you have had discord with a woman you meet. However perfect the breeding, however disciplined the manners, the past discord leaves a shadow that will not be lifted. The old wound may be closed; it is not healed, nor can it be by the highest skill in spiritual surgery. Frequently men like one another better for fighting; women never, be the foe of either sex. With those the bloom of favor is taken off, not to be restored. They feel, though they may not say or even think it, that slight or injury admits of no atonement. Woman reads the proverb, To err is feminine, to forgive is impossible.

DISRAELI.

In personal appearance the new Prime Minister is described as a tall and rather broad-shouldered man—though not of stout build—with a slight stoop of a very sphinx-like head, which is surrounded by dark and elf-like locks; a sallow complexion and a dreamy expression; a long and shaven upper lip, closely shaven whiskers, and an imperial. His walk is more like that of a dancing-master than of a genuine John Bull, his toes doing much more work than his heels. A hearty, joyous laugh from him would seem to be impossible; but there is frequently a sardonic smile upon the face of this master of irony. Although in his sixty-ninth year, Disraeli shows no signs of senility, and could wear out many a much younger man in hours of oratorical effort, or in watching the interests of the party he presides over. Very different was he at the age of twenty, when his novel of "Vivian Grey" made him the fashionable lion of the hour. His ringlets of silken black hair, his flashing eyes, his effeminate and lisping voice, his dressecoat of black velvet lined with white satin; his white kid gloves, with his wrists surrounded by a long, hanging fringe of black silk, and his ivory cane, of which the handle, inlaid with gold, was relieved by more black silk, in the shape of a tassel. Every one laughed at him for being affected; but the women declared that his was an affectation of the best style, and they felt his personal vanity was a flattering homage to their most notorious weakness. Such was the perfumed boy exquisite who forced his way into the saloons of peeresses. Men held him in light esteem, but observant women, who, as a rule, are more discerning judges of young men than themselves, prophesied that he would live to be a great man.

Answers to Correspondents.

Pay Your Postage.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

We cannot undertake to answer questions relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column. And there is no occasion of writing to ask whether we will examine a manuscript. Send it on, and we will examine it; keeping a copy, to avoid all danger of loss—as we do not hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of manuscript.

Golden, (Marchmont, Va.,) asks: "What is meant by the Lake school, frequently met with in literary notices and reviews?" It is the school of poetry introduced by the Lake poets, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey, who resided in the beautiful Lake district of Cumberland and Westmoreland, England, and sought inspiration in the simplicity of nature. The term was first used in the Edinburgh Review.

Anson, (Bernowell, Texas,) asks: "1st. Was the bowie-knife named after its inventor, and if so, who was he? 2d. Was the nickname 'Bottomless Pitt' ever applied to Sir William Pitt, and if so, why? 3d. Are bother and pother the same word? Please give the origin of the word." 1st. Yes; Col. James Bowie, one of the most daring characters of the border, was its inventor. 2d. We believe it was. He was so called by some of his opponents because he was so remarkably thin. 3d. The two words are by some considered identical. They are Hibernian, Halliwell gives us "blother" as another synonym, but there is a difference in common use. Some suppose "both-ware" as the derivation, and defends his guess by the remark that when two persons are talking at the same time, one on one side, and one on the other, the person talked to is perplexed and annoyed. The fact is certain, but the derivation must go for what it is worth.

"'Sir,' cries the umpire, 'cease your pother;
The creature's neither one nor t'other.'"
—*Lloyd, "The Chameleon."*

Wilber, (Rancocas, N. J.,) asks: "Can a gentleman sue for breach of promise as well as a lady?" The law gives both parties that power and privilege, but we are strongly of the belief that ladies and gentlemen never avail themselves of such means of healing heart-wounds.

Constant Reader, (Chetopa, Kan.,) asks: "1st. What is the address of Vice-President Wilson, and is he writing a history of the late war?" A letter addressed to the Vice-President at Washington D. C., would undoubtedly reach him. He is writing or has written a work of national interest, but it is not a history of the war.

S. D. P., (Providence, Ky.,) asks: "Is there a periodical devoted wholly or in part to the science of mathematics, published either in this country or in England?" We know of none that makes a specialty of the subject.

Merivale, (Lebanon Pa.,) asks: "Are the plaintiff and defendant in civil suits in the courts of Pennsylvania, permitted to testify in their own behalf?" Will some legal gentleman state precisely how this matter stands at present?

A Correspondent (New Bloomfield, Pa.) writes: "1st. I intend going to a commercial college in the spring. After completing the course, I desire very much to obtain the situation on a steamboat of clerk or bookkeeper. Friends, by whose help there might be some chance of my obtaining the coveted position, are minus in that quarter. I am, therefore, compelled to depend on myself. Would you please give me some instructions and directions how to proceed to become successful in my endeavors. 2d. What wages do bookkeepers and clerks on first-class boats receive? and also, by giving me a list of their duties outside of keeping the steamer's books, you will oblige. 3d. About two months ago I read of a new way of sending telegraph dispatches at the rate of 1800 words per minute; but have forgotten the name of the inventor. How is it done? 4th. I had the misfortune to turn a new leaf in my life-book a short time ago, by gallanting a very respectable young lady home, which practice was kept up until Satan entered Paradise in the form of a very warm friend, who tilled my mind in such a sly manner that I did not see through his move until too late. In fact I never thought him capable of such meanness. Among other things, he told me she was to be married in a short time to a former suitor, which I believed. Being strengthened in my opinion by several actions and signs on her part, which I interpreted were done purposely as a hint that my attentions were not desired, I, therefore, without an explanation of my course, quit going, thinking, of course, that she would understand the cause. The next scene on the programme of which I was aware was the throwing off of my very warm friend's mask, and his taking home the young lady against whom he was so successful in turning me. The rest can easily be imagined. The suspicion that had been fast growing into a certainty that what he told me had only been for his own interest, was now clearly proved, without a doubt. Not only by his actions; but from other people, who were all unanimous in their condemnation of my procedure. Her signs and actions of which I make mention, were symbols of nothing. The young lady, (as she has a right to be) is very much incensed at my conduct. What I want to know is how I am to act to straighten things out, without debasing myself as much as my friend. He is welcome to her, but I want to exonerate myself. 5th. What per cent. is my writing, supposing my age to be twenty, and do you think it possible for me ever to become a good penman?" 1st. The only advice we can give you in this matter is, if you are in earnest, to make application in the quarter where such a position is to be found. 2d. Don't be too anxious about the wages. As to the extra duties of a steamboat clerk, we think you might learn what they are by making inquiries nearer home. 3d. We have heard something of such an improvement in telegraphy, but nothing definite enough to assure us that it is a reality. Any radical change or improvement of the present method will be quickly reported in the journals, you may rest assured. 4th. This will probably teach you not to listen so readily to words of detamation and slander. If you can feel that you have done or at least intended no wrong, all you have to do now is to bear up calmly and patiently against the judgments of the injured young lady and the community. You might ask some mutual friend to say to her what you have said to us—or at least a certain portion of it; saying you had acted on certain information, without saying who had deceived you. 5th. Your handwriting is nearly up to the standard. By practice, we judge that you would become an excellent penman. Your spelling is not always correct.

Akron, (Berwick, Wis.,) asks: "What is the meaning of the legal phrase, 'Accessory before the fact?'" An accessory before the fact is one who prompts another to commit a crime or offence, but who is absent himself when the act is perpetrated.

J. J. B., (Smithville, Tenn.,) asks: "How many cities are there in the United States having a population of fifty thousand or more? Please name all." Nineteen, according to the last census, New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Chicago, Baltimore, Boston, St. Louis, New Orleans, San Francisco, Louisville, Jersey City, Cleveland, Newark, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Detroit, Allegheny, Buffalo and Rochester. Charleston comes very near being added to the list, having a population of over forty-eight thousand.

"Eunana," (Zion Hill, Mich.,) asks: "Where does all the phosphorus come from that is used in the manufacture of friction matches? I have read that it is very costly, and yet the matches are sold cheap?" The supply comes from bones and phosphatic rock. "One of the largest manufacturers of phosphorus in Europe has stated that the whole stock of the article in the chemical establishment where he was trained consisted of a little stick two inches long. He has lived to see it pulled by his own machinery in a cord uncounted miles long, and dispatched by the ton together for use in both hemispheres. The chemist still lives in London who first produced phosphorus for use by the friction match manufacturers at $2,500 per pound. New demand and competition have reduced the price so low that a single pound can be bought in the city for about one dollar. It was at one time feared that the demand for bones for agricultural purposes would so enhance the cost and diminish the supply as to raise the price of phosphorus to a high point. But the discovery of the immense deposits of phosphatic rocks in this country and elsewhere has set at rest all apprehensions of this nature. We have phosphorus enough quietly resting in the South Carolina rock-beds to meet the demands of the world for thousands of centuries, and no one need be anxious concerning a full supply at cheap rates of the indispensable friction matches during his own lifetime at least."

Pastime, (Phila.,) asks: "1st. Who was the Prisoner of Chillon? 2d. How is macaroni made; what is the meaning of the word?" 1st. Francois de Bonnivard, a Frenchman, confined for six years in the dungeon of the Chateau de Chillon, by Charles III. of Savoy. Lord Byron, in his poem so called, has wedded this incident with Dante's "Count Ugolino." 2d. We cannot give the method of preparation. It is a sort of edible paste, wheat flour being its chief element. The word macaroni sometimes means a dandy. It is derived from the Macaroni club, instituted by a set of flashy men who had travelled in Italy, and introduced Italian macaroni at their club dinners. The Macaronies were the most exquisite fops that ever disgraced the name of man; vicious, insolent, fond of gambling, drinking and duelling. They were the authors of a little good, however. They introduced the excellent dish that gave them their name, and they were the inventors of that useful slang word "bore," which originally meant any opponent of dandyism.

Helen, (Medway, Vt.,) A cleft lip—a deformity not so rare as you seem to think—is called a hare lip because of its supposed resemblance to the upper lip of a hare.

(Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.)